The Outlook

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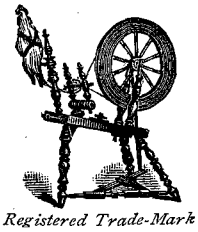

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The Outlook

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The Peace Commission While there is no authentic information about the sessions of the Peace Commission in Paris, current reports indicate that little progress has been made thus far. Seven joint sessions have been held. The discussions, it is believed, have largely turned upon the question of the so-called Cuban debt and of the status of the sovereignty over Cuba after the evacuation of the island by Spain. The Cuban debt amounts to about $400,000,000. It is composed practically of three kinds of indebtedness—the first incurred by Spain for the expenses of her war upon Cuba; the second incurred for Spain's sole benefit in other ways; and the third incurred for expenditures beneficial to Cuba itself—if, indeed, any such large expenditure is included in the debt. It is perfectly obvious that so far as the first two classes of indebtedness are concerned, neither the United States as guardian of Cuba's interests nor whatever Cuban government may ultimately be established can be responsible. Only such fatuous financiers as fondly believed for many years that the United States would ultimately assume the obligation of the Confederate war debt could imagine such a possibility. The third portion of the Cuban debt under ordinary circumstances might be held as an obligation on the island of Cuba; in a treaty settlement of a war, however, there is fair room for discussion as to whether this part of the debt might not be abrogated as a war penalty. The Spanish effort to secure an admission from our Government through its Commissioners that the United States would immediately assume sovereignty over Cuba has been, it appears, subtly argued, but without avail, and for the sole object of establishing a responsibility for the debt. Meanwhile the actual evacuation of the island of Cuba is going on very slowly. Our Government now seems inclined to admit that it would really be a physical impossibility for Spain to move so large a body of men, with all the Spanish property which it is conceded may be taken, before December 1st, which is the date that had been mentioned as that of the final evacuation of the island. The real point is not whether the last Spanish soldier shall or shall not leave Cuba before December 1st, but whether Spain will carry on the work of evacuation in earnest, and with such energy as her means and the circumstances allow. It does not seem to the observer in this country that so far any energy whatever has been displayed, but our Government appears to entertain no misgivings on the subject, and there is no doubt that sooner or later the transfer will actually be made. In Porto Rico our Government has now been formally established. From the Philippines the latest news is that Aguinaldo and his so-called Congress have indicated a desire for annexation to this country; at the same time Aguinaldo says that he does not believe that such an issue will be acceptable to the great body of the natives. There is great jealousy of Aguinaldo among the native leaders.

❀

Admiral Sampson's Report The publication by the Navy Department of Admiral Sampson's full report of the entire operations of the fleet under his command contains correspondence which has led to criticism of the conduct of Commodore (now Admiral) Schley. Admiral Sampson himself in the report makes no comment or strictures upon Commodore Schley's conduct. The dispatches printed, however, show that Cervera's ships were in Santiago for ten days before the blockade was established, and that this was due in large part to Commodore Schley's inclination to insist upon his belief that the Spanish ships were not there but at Cienfuegos, although Admiral Sampson believed that he had trustworthy

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information that the Spaniards were at Santiago, and sent dispatch after dispatch to Schley urging him to proceed at once to Santiago. The report also shows that after Commodore Schley reached Santiago he seemed much more impressed with the necessity for coaling his ships, even by taking the entire squadron away from the blockade of Santiago, than by the imperative urgency of making an escape by Cervera impossible. It was because of these facts, apparently, that Admiral Sampson obtained leave from the Navy Department to proceed at once to Santiago with his own force, and to assume the command of naval operations there. It must be remembered, in drawing inferences from these facts, that an officer of the rank of Commodore is, in actual warfare, supposed to have considerable initiative; that the belief of Admiral Sampson that Cervera was in Santiago was formed from indirect testimony rather than from positive proof; that Schley's belief that Cervera would make for Cienfuegos was extremely natural, because that port was the only one from which Cervera could have direct communication with Havana; and there can be little doubt that Cervera would, in point of fact, have gone to Cienfuegos if it had not been for the facts that he had only coal enough to take him to Santiago, and that, for some unexplained reason, the coaling and provisioning of the ships at Santiago were greatly delayed. Another point made clear by Admiral Sampson's report is that the idea of sinking a collier in the mouth of Santiago Harbor was of his devising and the act under his orders, although the details of the plan were undoubtedly arranged by Lieutenant Hobson. The general impression made by Admiral Sampson's report is that he showed a high order of strategic skill and foresight in issuing detailed orders for the action of the fleet under almost any conceivable set of circumstances that might arise.

❀

The Fashoda Crisis

The crisis between France and England precipitated by the occupation of Fashoda entered upon what is likely to be its acute stage last week, as the result of a very outspoken speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. This very frank Minister, it will be remembered, gave Europe a similar shudder of apprehension by his outspoken utterances on the relations of Russia and England in China. In that case, however, the English Government receded from the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, probably wisely; in this case the words of Sir Michael may be taken as expressive of the final determination of England to make her mind plain to France. He declared that it was impossible for France to maintain her political rights at Fashoda, and that he refused to believe that France will not withdraw, after such a delay as she thinks essential to the maintenance of dignity of attitude. If she should refuse to withdraw, the matter would assume the gravest possible aspect. The English Government is entirely friendly to the French Government, and has no desire to inflict any humiliation upon it. Africa is large enough for both countries; but on the Fashoda question England has "put her foot down." It would be a great misfortune if, after a peace of more than eighty years, friendly relations between the two countries should be disturbed: "but there are greater evils than war, and we shall not shrink from anything that is coming, knowing that we are supported by a united people."

❀

Effect in France of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Speech

These words can have but one meaning, and they have been accepted as a final and authoritative declaration of the English Government to stand by the position consistently taken from the beginning, as shown by the publication of the diplomatic correspondence between the two Governments. In England the speech made a profound impression, and gains additional weight from the unanimity of sentiment with which it has been indorsed; in France it was naturally the occasion of an outburst of remonstrance and alarm, and the Paris papers have been full of reports of hurried military and naval operations on the part of the French Government. They declare that at Toulon and at Brest every nerve is being strained to prepare for war. French naval officers on leave of absence have been ordered to return to their vessels. On the other hand, the "Temps" calls attention to the fact that the present naval activity is a part of the reform which M. Lockroy, the Minister of Marine, is carrying out for the purpose of increasing the strength and efficiency of the French navy. The French Government is reticent, but the publication of the Yellow Book, or official report, shows

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that it is inclined to insist upon access to the Nile at some point, preferably by way of the Bahr-el-Gazal region.

❀

The Chances of War It is believed by many well-informed persons that the French Government has no intention of going to war with England over the question of the possession of Fashoda, but that, after a brief show of insistence upon her claims and of readiness to enforce them, France will concede the English position. No doubt the French army staff would like the excuse of a foreign war to divert attention from recent scandals; but the further strengthening of the army which might result from such a war would be the greatest possible misfortune to the country and to the Government. The Government probably understands this aspect of the situation; it also understands that a fight between the two countries would be largely a naval warfare, and it knows the disparity in force and effectiveness between the two navies. The French preparations are being met, however, by English preparations, there is a widespread feeling of alarm in Europe, and the gravity of the situation is recognized on all sides. Neither Government wants or means war, but in the excited condition of feeling in both countries a war might be brought on by an accident.

❀

The Question in China European opinion inclines to the belief that the Emperor of China is still living, but that for all practical purposes he may be counted as dead. The latest story is too sensational for credence; but the report of the elopement and marriage of the venerable Dowager Empress and the venerable Li Hung Chang is only an exaggerated journalistic interpretation of the extraordinary alliance between these two aged but extremely active persons, who have long ruled China together, and who propose, apparently, to continue that rule. For forty years the Dowager Empress has been the governing power in the Empire. There have been several nominal rulers during that period, but the real ruler has always been this extraordinary woman. She has met every attempt on the part of the Emperors to assert themselves with inflexible and successful determination. Her policy has been consistently reactionary; and it is evident that, so long as she lives and keeps her place, China can have nothing to hope for in the way of reforms. For the present the chief question in China will not be whether the policy of progress or reaction shall prevail; that is settled for the present; the question now is, how the turn of affairs will affect the standing and prospects of England, Russia, and Germany in the decaying Empire.

❀

German Socialists The annual Congress of German Socialists was recently held at Stuttgart. This has been the most notable Congress during many years, by reason of the divergence of view which threatens to divide the party. For some time it has been clear to the younger and more practically minded Socialists that recruits have been more difficult to obtain, for the reason that doctrinaire economics are not and cannot be apprehended by the masses with the vivid clearness which creates a permanent enthusiasm. The Socialist party has, it is perceived, gone altogether too much by the book, and has placed the dogmas of Karl Marx in the foreground, instead of endeavoring to accomplish practical results in mitigation of the hard lot of the masses. Thus while the English Radical has fused his principles into a few legislative demands for which electoral machinery and popular agitation are constantly working, the German Socialist has pictured the advent of a millennium on the acceptance of collectivism. A large element in the latter party have recognized the gradual, tentative character of reforms, and refuse to be led any longer by the doctrinaires. This was evident at the Congress, where the leaders of the new departure, Herr von Volmar and Herr Auer, were enthusiastically received, although criticising collectivism as inefficient in the great work of social reform. This section of the party sees the advantage of becoming practical and opportunist, contending for one thing at a time and narrowing the issue to the measure of workable force which can be used to gain it. An eight-hour day, better wages, the freedom of industrial combination which obtains in England—these issues are now compelling the attention of those who wish something practical done. In a word, German Socialism is beginning to lose its doctrinaire character and is apparently deciding

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to drop the name of "collectivism" from its political programme. No division in the party has as yet actually occurred, but it is clearly seen that a change must be made if the voting strength is to be satisfactorily increased. It is hoped that the older leaders, such as Liebknecht and Bebel, will consent to the reorganization of the party on a more practical basis, and that, while their counsel and experience are retained, they will not hinder the departure in favor of a more practical propaganda. The indications are that a great German democratic party will be formed, broad enough to include those who do not wholly accept the doctrines of Karl Marx, and at the same time more in sympathy with the political methods of the British Radicals.

❀

The Czar's Proposal

Count Tolstoï is justly humiliated because so many have regarded doubtfully the peace proposal of the Czar. Those who regard it as an impossible plan for a Utopia should remember, he says, that a dream need not always remain a dream. Dreams become realities when people deeply desire them and set themselves at work to make them such. All radical reforms have been at the first "idle dreams." In this connection the military statistics given by the "Government Messenger," the official press organ of the Russian Government, are of interest. In showing the alarming increase of the world's military burdens, the "Messenger" confesses Russia to be the principal offender—since her army on a peace footing contains over one million men. Mobilized, it would number over two and one-eighth millions; and with the reserves, numbering nearly seven millions, the total army strength in extreme need would be over nine million men. France comes next, with 600,000 in time of peace, two and a half millions in war, and, counting the reserves, nearly four and a half millions. Germany's figures are practically the same as those of France, and Austria's but little smaller. Italy's figures are 174,000 in peace, 1,473,000 in war, and 2,200,000 with full muster. The British army is smaller than that of any other of the Great Powers—only 220,000 in war, and with volunteers and militia 720,000. The "Messenger" further computes that there are at the present time throughout the world 5,250,000 men under arms, which number in case of general war would be increased to 44,250,000. In support of this great army in the whole of Europe alone £250,000,000 is annually spent, and this "to maintain peace." It is appalling to think of this enormous expenditure that should be needless in this Christian age—and of what this same sum would accomplish for the betterment of the conditions of life if applied in other directions. Is the faith that sees this abolished "an idle dream"?

❀

Prosperity in Canada

For the first time in a quarter of a century the political fortunes and business life of the Dominion seem to have entered upon a broader outlook and the path of more enduring prosperity. Within that time there have, of course, been periods of business activity and more than one Government surplus, but they were temporary and quickly followed by disappointment, deficits, and a steady piling up of national obligations beyond the ability of the people to assume. The monthly revenue returns now show large increases together with reduction in expenditures. The growth of foreign trade during the past fiscal year has been larger than ever before. Though we have fourteen times the population of Canada, we have only seven times the amount of her foreign trade. But what is accepted as more significant than all other evidences of permanent prosperity is the steady increase and retention of immigrants. For more than twenty years Canada has not been able to keep the immigrants which her own expensive and elaborate policy had induced to settle there. This was abundantly shown by the figures of the last Canadian census. But a change in administration, the opening up of immense mineral resources, the rapid development of the Northwest, and a generous land policy have brought an increasing number of settlers, the immigration offices of Winnipeg and a few points further west recording the arrival of about 35,000 for the current year. Politically, it has been the good fortune of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his policy to make Canada known abroad far more appreciatively than it has yet been; a better knowledge of the great natural resources of the country has caused an increased investment of foreign capital. The Canadians are now engaged in deepening their great waterways and in developing improved communication with England as well as other parts of the Empire. It will be strange if

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the Commissioners who now have the commercial and certain political interests of the United States and Canada intrusted to them cannot come to some agreement for reciprocal trade. For a good many years reciprocity treaties with Central and South America have been an object of statesmanship with us; but their exaggerated importance may be judged by the fact that Canada, with its population of less than 5,500,000, buys from us nearly as much as all Central and South America put together. Canada ranks third among foreign countries as a buyer of our products, and the average purchasing power of a Canadian exceeds that of ten Latin-Americans.

❀

The National Prison Congress

The prevalent note of the National Prison Congress, the sessions of which were held in Indianapolis last week, was one of rejoicing at the real progress that has been made in prison matters. There were several proofs of the advance that has been made along the lines of reform in various directions. One was the presentation of a printed report made by the American Bar Association on the indeterminate sentence. Though all the lawyers of the country are not ready to accept this system, which is so thoroughly indorsed by the best wardens and the wisest penologists, it was still felt to be a great step that such a careful and exhaustive report should have been prepared by order of the Bar Association. Seven States have adopted the indeterminate sentence, and twenty have some form of parole law. Another topic presented with great fullness by several able physicians was tuberculosis. Alarming statistics show the prevalence of that scourge in penal institutions; and when one realizes how rapidly the prison population changes, it is evident that the people outside prison walls are put in more or less jeopardy by the spreading of tuberculous germs which have been developed within. As one of the wardens said, "I have always supposed we were protecting society by shutting these people up. I am now going home to study sanitation and hygiene, that I may protect the community from consumption as well as from burglars." Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, who has done more by voice and pen than almost any other man in the country to preach the true gospel of prison reform, in an admirable address showed what false economy it is to conduct affairs on the old-fashioned plan, and what needless anxiety and torment are suffered by allowing the sixty or eighty thousand criminals of the country to tyrannize over the seventy millions of people who dare not sleep without bars and bolts to protect themselves. In closing the sessions the President, Superintendent Z. R. Brockway, said: "I am impressed with the progress that has been made in twenty-five years. I well remember that when the doctrine of the indeterminate sentence was first broached it was received by the wardens with murmurs of disapproval; now, whenever it is mentioned, it is received with applause. The reform is launched; we have only to steer it. The ship is well manned; she will make the voyage." And such was the general belief of those attending this, the largest and best Prison Congress that has ever been held in this country.

❀

"Wide-Open New York"

Under the new Tammany rule it was certain that the old blackmail system would be revived, and on election night last November saloon-keepers, gamblers, and keepers of disreputable resorts openly rejoiced that New York would soon be, in the slang of the day, "wide open." The relapse into the old ways has been gradual, for the terrors of the exposure by Dr. Parkhurst have still a certain wholesome effect, but the condition of things has grown steadily and continuously worse during the entire year. To-day vice is almost as unconcealed as it was before Mayor Strong's administration came into power. Common observation shows this: indecent theaters and papers are tolerated; saloons openly violate the provisions of the Raines Law; gambling, both in pool-rooms and in policy-shops, has become common; crimes of violence have increased in number (Magistrate Cornell lately said, "In all my experience I never knew highway robbery so prevalent as at present"); dives of the most degrading and disgusting kind have multiplied and are springing up in districts heretofore free from them. Mr. Franklin Matthews, in "Harper's Weekly," presents a long array of indisputable facts attesting the increase in vice and crime, and while legal proof of the paying of tribute to police and politicians may be wanting, it is impossible not to draw common sense inferences. Thus, W. R. Nelson, the keeper of

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a low saloon and resort of degraded creatures, has almost a monopoly of the business of providing bail for wretched women arrested on the street, and is making many thousands a year out of it; he was one of the bondsmen of Devery when the latter was indicted under the Lexow charges; now Devery is Superintendent of Police, and Nelson is reaping a fortune. Again, the very worst of the theaters at which indecent performances are given is, it is believed, owned by State Senator T. D. Sullivan, a stanch Tammany man. The same man and one other, Mr. Matthews asserts, control the only "athletic clubs" to which licenses are granted for prize-fighting under the name of boxing, while so respectable an organization as the New York Athletic Club is refused a license for boxing exhibitions; something very like a close monopoly for prize-fighting seems to be managed in a lucrative way for some one. Thousands of saloons are keeping open after legal hours, and are paying five dollars each a month to an "Association," while a magistrate lately declared from the bench that the police were making arrests only where the saloons refused to come into the "Association." Mr. Matthews declares that a man connected with the police force assured him that a regular tariff for "protection" has been established: $300 for opening a pool-room, and from $100 to $300 a month thereafter; gambling, from $50 to $300 a month, according to receipts; keeping a dive, $10 to $50 a week; disorderly resorts, $50 to $150 a month; and so on. No one is surprised at all this. Every one knows that there is but one remedy—the union of all honest men in a fight for clean city government. It has been often said that a city deserves the government it gets and gets the government it deserves. Next year the honest citizens of New York have a plain task before them. Just now the effort is to extend Tammany city methods over the State government, as is shown by the course of Mr. Croker in the matter of judicial nominations. The first duty of seekers for reform is to thwart that effort.

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Overcrowded Schools

When the public schools of New York were opened in September, the school authorities knew that the demands of the children would be far in excess of the proper accommodations at their command; but when the newspapers stated that 25,000 in the Borough of Manhattan, 22,000 in Brooklyn, and 8,000 in Queens could not find entrance to the schools, the city was startled. These first figures were excessive, but at this date the fact remains that thousands of children in the first city of the Nation are shut out of its schools, and this in those sections of the city where the streets have the most demoralizing effects on the children who have no other place for play. The establishment of the short-time classes has redeemed the situation to a slight degree, but the thousands of children to whom this educational half-loaf is given are exposed just so many more hours to street influences, in consequence. The proposition of the city superintendent to open kindergartens on every block in the overcrowded sections of the city, in rooms hired for the purpose, offers the quickest and most scientific solution of the problem. These kindergartens would relieve the pressure on the class-rooms in the public schools by removing thousands of children too young for grade work, thus leaving room for those now shut out, as well as making smaller classes possible.

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Tardy Recognition and Criminal Economy

The delay in finishing new buildings and extensions to old school buildings, and the delay in furnishing buildings when ready, are among the causes of the barring out of children from the schools, and of the overcrowding which must be attributed to the present administration. The criminal neglect of the city government during twenty-five years preceding Mayor Strong's administration must now be atoned for by the present generation of citizens. The rapid increase of population, with which no section of the city has kept pace in school facilities, must be met and overtaken. The Mayor is himself now pledged to a progressive policy. The schools will, he says, receive the first attention in the appropriations to be made, both as to new buildings and increase of teachers' salaries—an increase which would insure the city good teachers, and insure teachers fair salaries.

❀

Requirements for Teachers

The State Council of School Superintendents of New York, at its recent session in Glens Falls, passed a resolution urging legislative action in the matter of requirements for teachers in normal and high schools

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These resolutions ask for the passage of a law which shall prevent the appointment, after May 1, 1899, of teachers in high or normal schools who are not graduates of colleges or of universities approved by the Regents of the University of New York, with the additional requirement that all such applicants shall have had at least one year's study in a recognized school of pedagogy, or two years' teaching experience in high schools, or three years' teaching experience in elementary grades. Graduates of normal schools who have had three years' experience in teaching in elementary grades must pass an examination under the direction of a local superintendent. The resolution also asks for legislative action to raise the requirements for superintendents; no applicant for superintendent to be appointed who is not a graduate of a college or of a university, and has not had at least five years' experience in teaching or supervising. If not a graduate of a college or of a university, the applicant must have had ten years' experience in teaching or supervising, and holds a certificate of competency from the State Superintendent of Instruction. The resolutions were passed by a large majority vote.

❀

The Peace Jubilees

The Peace Jubilee in Omaha has been followed by Peace Jubilees in Chicago and Philadelphia. In Chicago the opening of the Jubilee was anticipated by the conferring of the degree of LL.D. on President McKinley by the University of Chicago. The parade was satisfactory to an enthusiastic city. The ball and the banquet met the anticipations of the projectors, and at the banquet President McKinley made one of his characteristic speeches. Enthusiastic crowds attended the President everywhere. A like enthusiasm met him in Philadelphia, where money and artistic ability had built a court of honor in which the President reviewed the military and civic parade. The decorations were beautiful throughout the city. The floats, representing historic events and incidents, were in many cases works of art. Many of the heroes of Guantanamo, Hobson and his crew, the Pennsylvania troops who took part in the war, as well as distinguished officers of the army and navy, added dignity and impressiveness to the exercises and ceremonies in Philadelphia. The unveiling of the Grant monument there was postponed until April 25, the anniversary of the birth of General Grant.

❀

Harold Frederic

The death of Mr. Harold Frederic, at the early age of forty-two, marks the disappearance from American journalism and literature of a man of distinct personal force and notable gifts as a writer. Mr. Frederic's letters as the foreign correspondent of the New York "Times" have been exceptionally well informed and interesting; illustrating that high class of journalistic work in which are still to be found the promise and hope of the regeneration of the press in this country. As a novelist his chief characteristic was a certain forcible directness of manner—a determination to tell the truth as he saw it without any other art than that of clear and virile presentation. He was born in Utica in this State, and his fiction has shown the care and thoroughness with which he observed social and vital conditions in central New York. Compelled to leave school at the age of fourteen, he became self-supporting while a mere boy. In 1880 he had gone so far on the road to position and influence that he became chief editorial writer for the Utica "Observer." Two years later he was called to take charge of the Albany "Evening Journal," and in 1884 he took charge of the European office of the New York "Times." His novels, "Seth's Brother's Wife," "The Lawton Girl," and "The Copperhead," attracted attention, and prepared the way for the distinct popular success of "The Damnation of Theron Ware"—a very unpleasant story, which was sharply criticised, but which revealed in an unmistakable way the force and power of the writer.

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Ocean Postage

The report of the Postmaster-General of the United States this year will contain a recommendation for a reduction in ocean postage between this country and Great Britain to two cents a half-ounce, thus effecting a great saving to those business houses on both sides of the Atlantic which have a large correspondence. British post-office officials have commented on the proposal in a friendly spirit, with the reservation that Great Britain is hardly ready yet for a similar reduction which the United States may possibly wish to make in favor of other countries belonging to the Postal

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Union. When a reduction of postage between Great Britain and her colonies was being arranged, this country did not see fit to take part in a similar agreement which it was hoped in Great Britain might be made.

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Central American Intrigues

The political ferment in Central America has been increased by the suspected intrigues of the Presidents of Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador. These men are planning a constitution for a union of the above-mentioned republics, to be known as the United States of Central America, but as the people have been utterly ignored in the matter, it is feared that a compact despotism or dictatorship is being prepared. The three Presidents are preparing for popular opposition to their plan, and will, if possible, prevent the regular elections which will soon be due. The hopeful feature of the situation is that these suspected conspirators may quarrel among themselves, the occasion probably being the refusal of Salvador to surrender her larger revenues to the control of the other two States.

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A Correction

In our recent paragraph on the formation of the Federal Steel Company we published without question the current report that the Carnegie Steel Works was a member of the combination. We are glad to learn that it is not a member, and never expects to become one. A steel combination of which this company is not a member lacks much of being able at will to promote its own interests by raising prices or restricting production. Such a combination is, therefore, hardly to be termed a trust.

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The League for Social Service

A noteworthy sign of progress in a most important line of industrial improvement appears in two applications, lately received by the League for Social Service in this city, from large employers desiring to introduce opportunities of social recreation for the benefit of their operatives, and asking for helpful suggestions as to the best plans. It is significant of the new spirit in the air that one of these applicants was a mining company in the upper lake region, the other a mill-owner in Georgia. Another sign that the work of the League is meeting with just appreciation appeared in the shape of orders for 21,000 of its popular leaflets recently received within four days. Readers of The Outlook have now an opportunity to obtain from the League, at the cost of postage, two valuable documents: the illustrated report presented in 1897 to the New York Legislature on Public Baths and Public Comfort Stations (mailed for eight cents), and the Handbook of Sociological Information, up to 1894, with special reference to New York City, prepared for the City Vigilance League (mailed for ten cents). The office of the League and its Bureau of Information are at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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The New York Issue

There are two distinct issues involved in the present political campaign in this State: one the administration of the State government, the other the election of a Senator and of Representatives from the State to act in Congress on the questions which will be there presented next year. The re-election of Senator Murphy, or of one who entertains similar opinions, would tend to reopen the free silver issue, and, we hardly need add, would tend grossly to misrepresent the State in the councils of the Nation. This National issue cannot be ignored by the voter. It is of importance, and of very high importance, but it is not the most important question at issue. That question is whether the frauds perpetrated in the last administration shall be investigated without fear or favor, whether a new and purer administration shall be initiated, and whether the guilty parties shall be punished, as far as the Governor has any influence in determining the question of punishment.

It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt has passed by this State issue, and has devoted himself to the National questions. Since his speech in Brooklyn this charge can certainly no longer be made. He is perfectly explicit in the declaration and definition of his purpose:

> Our opponents have made three special points in connection with the issues of the State—the canals, the excise, and the National Guard. I shall meet them on every one, and then I shall raise another around which they walked with extreme caution—the issue of an honest judiciary. Now, first, as to the canals. Here what we have to go on is the report of the Commission appointed by the present Governor; and I wish you to keep in mind the fact that the making of that investigation and the issuing of that report is incompatible with any purpose but an entirely honest desire to have the closest scrutiny into

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the canals and the widest publicity given to the results of that scrutiny. My opponents can say no more than I say—namely, that I will at once take up that matter and probe it to the bottom; that if the fault lies in the system, I shall change the system if I have the power, and if I have not I shall lay it before the Legislature, so that they may change it; and that wherever there has been misconduct or corruption I shall punish with all the power at my command the individual who has been at fault. Now, that is all I can say, and it is all they can say. And which of us is most apt to keep the pledge—Tammany or myself? You know well that every honest official who is to be investigated hopes that I will be elected, and that every dishonest official hopes for my defeat, because he knows that he might save his head in an investigation conducted only for political purposes, but that he has no chance at all where the investigation is conducted as I shall conduct it.

There are three ways in which the independent voter who cares more for purity of administration than he does for party triumph can work to secure that purification which is the foundation of all good government. Whenever one party is corrupt, he can transfer his vote to the other party for the purpose of rebuking the corruptionists. The general effect of this method has been to keep up the corruption under different administrations. A reform initiated, not for the purpose of purity, but for the sake of party advantage, rarely comes to anything. He may, in the second place, join himself with others of his way of thinking and organize a new party. This was the method pursued in the last municipal election in New York City. It is a method now being pursued in Pennsylvania. It is sometimes the only practicable method; but it has the serious disadvantage of generally resulting in a sporadic and temporary reform, and of concentrating against itself the corruptionists in both parties, as it did in the last municipal election. The third method is, by public sentiment, to purify one's own party; and this is the best method when it is possible to carry it out. This is the method which the reform element in the Republican party has pursued this year. It is quite apparent that Mr. Roosevelt has been nominated, not because he will be subordinate to the men who run primaries and who use politics for self-aggrandizement, but because the public sentiment in favor of his nomination by the great mass of the Republican constituency was too strong to be resisted.

Both the Democratic and the Republican candidates for Governor are men of unimpeachable character, but Judge Van Wyck was unmistakably nominated by a partnership formed between Hill and Croker; nor is there anything in his past career to indicate that he has the soldierly qualities necessary to carry on a vigorous and successful campaign against the corruption which has been fostered in all departments of the State, both under Democratic and Republican administrations. On the other hand, Colonel Roosevelt has proved himself, by his whole political career, not only an honest man, but an aggressively honest man; and this is what we want in the Governor's chair. In the New York Legislature in his first entrance upon politics, in his administration of the Police Department in New York City, in his absolute refusal in that administration to use the offices or allow them to be used for corrupt purposes, and in his administration of the Navy Department, he has shown a soldier's hate of dishonor, and a determination to destroy it wherever he sees it. It will not be denied by those who are familiar with the facts that his prevision and his efficient activity in the Navy Department did much to bring it about that there has been no suggestion of either corruption or fraud in connection with that Department.

Those who think the National issue is more important than the State issue, and wish so to cast their vote that the State shall be represented in the Senate of the United States by an advocate of free silver, may well vote for Judge Van Wyck. Those who desire to prevent that issue from being again thrust upon the country, or who believe that purity of administration in this State in the present juncture is more important than free silver in the Senate at some future time, will accomplish their purpose best by voting for Theodore Roosevelt.

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Tammany's Attack upon the Supreme Court

Mr. Croker has made the fatal blunder which every machine politician who attempts to deal with political questions as if they were merchandise sooner or later makes in the attempt to manage the affairs of a great community without taking into account its moral sentiment. He has roused the best elements of New York to strong indignation. The terms of two Justices of the Supreme Court in this district, Daly and Cohen, expire

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this year; and more than a month ago a representative petition, signed by over three thousand lawyers of this city, including the leaders of the Bar and its most representative and reputable members, was circulated urging upon both parties the renomination of these Judges. Justice Daly has been on the bench twenty-eight years, and his services had been so conspicuous for integrity and fidelity, for capacity and fitness, that he had every right to renomination, and the community had every right to insist upon his renomination. Under the dictation of Mr. Croker, Judge Daly was not renominated, and the reason is well known: he had angered the Tammany boss by refusing to make certain appointments which the latter had directed him to make, on the ground of the unfitness of the appointees for the positions in which Mr. Croker desired to place them.

In putting aside a faithful Judge, with an experience and record of nearly three decades behind him, because that Judge had refused to appoint unfit men to the places under him, Mr. Croker attacked the independence and the purity of the judiciary, and has made a direct issue between the Bench of this State, the traditions of the Bar, and the administration of justice on one side, and the methods of Tammany Hall on the other side. The Bar Association, a non-partisan organization, which includes practically all lawyers of the better class in this city, and has rendered great service to the community by its courageous and practical attempts to preserve the dignity and guard the purity of the legal profession, promptly met the issue by the unanimous passage of a series of resolutions to the effect that the refusal to nominate Judge Daly is a direct attack upon the independence of the Bar, "because he was rejected for the reason that he would not permit his official action as a judge to be controlled by the personal direction of a political manager, and because the nominating committee obeyed the direction of that political manager against the claims of faithful service and proved fitness, against a great public demand, and against the plain public interest." The resolutions further declare that Mr. Leventritt, one of the men who was nominated by Mr. Croker's Convention, was an unfit person to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, basing that statement upon certain facts in Mr. Leventritt's professional history.

The Bar Association, including a very large number of Democrats as well as of Republicans, did not rest in a simple condemnation of Mr. Croker's action; it went further in the execution of its trust as the custodian of the independence of the Bench and Bar, and appointed a Committee of Fifty, charged with the duty of actively promoting the canvass and election of Judges Daly and Cohen. Under the direction of that Committee one of the greatest public meetings ever held in this city was convened in Carnegie Hall on Friday evening of last week, and, despite the storm, filled the great auditorium from floor to ceiling. Mr. James C. Carter, perhaps the leader of the Bar of the entire Nation, certainly one of its foremost members, presided, and in a masterly speech called attention to the gravity of a crisis which involved the integrity of the judiciary, and pointed out the connection between Mr. Croker's attempt to control the Bench and the attempt made so successfully by his predecessor, William M. Tweed. Mr. Hornblower, whose standing as a Democrat is proven by the fact that Mr. Cleveland nominated him for the position of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, made his position clear when he said, "I appeal from Mr. Croker to Samuel J. Tilden for my test of party loyalty." The most telling speech of the evening was made by another New York Democrat, Mr. Bourke Cockran, who declared that he not only did not believe the fallacy which so many men are accepting and preaching, that "bossism" is essential to democratic government, but held that it never flourishes except where democratic government has been abolished. It is a long time since New York has witnessed such a demonstration of indignant public feeling; and the significance of that demonstration lies in the fact that it was largely participated in by Democrats as well as by Republicans. Mr. Croker has gone too far in subverting free institutions and defeating popular government to carry the support of the best men of his own party.

The issue between the people of this judicial district and Mr. Croker is a simple one; and its very simplicity makes its gravity the more apparent. Judge Daly himself has put it in very few words: "It is simply and solely a question whether the freedom of the judicial office is assailed. The judge who has done his duty fearlessly and has been deaf to every consideration but justice, stands for an immutable principle,

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and any nomination of candidates against him for the purpose of defeating him is none the less calculated to destroy the independence of the judiciary, and is a menace to the public safety."

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A Spiritual Opportunity

A host of men and women have returned from rest and recreation to their work; some with reluctance, some with renewed zest. To keep work fresh and joyous one must keep constantly in mind its spiritual significance. Work is one of the chief instrumentalities in the education of the human spirit; for it involves both self-realization and the adjustment of self to the order of life. Through effort a man brings to light all that is in him, and by effort he finds his place in the universal order. Work is his great spiritual opportunity, and the more completely he expresses himself through it the finer the product and the greater the worker. There is an essential unity between all kinds of work, as there is an essential continuity in the life of the race. The rudest implements of the earliest men and the divinest creations of the greatest artists are parts of the unbroken effort of humanity to bring into clear consciousness all that is in it, and all that is involved in its relationship with the universe. The spiritual history of the race is written in the blurred and indistinct record of human energy and creativeness, made by the hands of all races, in all times, in every kind of material. Work has emancipated, educated, developed, and interpreted the human spirit; it has made man acquainted with himself; it has set him in harmony with nature; and it has created that permanent capital of force, self-control, character, moral power, and educational influence which we call civilization.

Work has been, therefore, not only the supreme spiritual opportunity, but the highest spiritual privilege and one of the deepest sources of joy. It has been an expression not only of human energy but of the creativeness of the human spirit. By their works men have not only built homes for themselves in this vast universe, but they have co-operated with the divine creativeness in the control of force, the modification of conditions, the fertilization of the earth, the fashioning of new forms. In his work man has found God, both by the revelation of what is in his own spirit and by the discovery of those forces and laws with which every created thing must be brought into harmony.

The divine element in humanity has revealed itself in that instinct for creativeness which is always striving for expression in the work of humanity; that instinct which blindly pushes its way through rudimentary stages of effort to the possession of skill; slowly transforming itself meanwhile into intelligence, and flowering at last in the Parthenon, the Cathedral at Amiens, the Book of Job, Faust, Hamlet, the Divine Comedy, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Wagner's Parsifal, Rembrandt's portraits.

The ascent of the spirit of man out of the mysterious depths of its own consciousness to these sublime heights of achievement is the true history of the race—the history which silently unfolds itself through and behind events, and makes events comprehensible. In the sweat of his brow man has protected and fed himself; but this is but the beginning of that continuous miracle which has not only turned deserts into gardens and water into wine, but has transformed the uncouth rock into images of immortal beauty, and the worker from the servant of natural conditions and forces into their master.

Men still work, as their fathers did before them, for shelter and bread; but the spiritual products of work have long since dwarfed its material returns. A man must still work or starve in any well-ordered society; but the products of work to-day are ease, travel, society, art—in a word, culture. In that free unfolding of all that is *in* man, and that ripening of knowledge, taste, and character which are summed up in culture, work finds its true interpretation. A man puts himself into his work in order that he may pass through an apprenticeship of servitude and crudity into the freedom of creative power. He discovers, liberates, harmonizes, and enriches himself. Through work he accomplishes his destiny, and one of the great ends of his life is to make himself skillful and creative; to master the secrets of his craft and then pour his spiritual energy like a great tide into his work. The master worker learns that the secret of happiness is the opportunity and the ability to express nobly whatever is deepest in his personality, and that supreme good fortune comes to him who can lose himself in some generous and adequate task.

The last word, however, is not task, but opportunity; for work, like all forms of education, prophesies the larger uses of energy,

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experience, and power which are to come when training and discipline have accomplished their ends and borne their fruit.

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Marriage and Divorce

The action of the Episcopal Convention in deciding not to change at its present session the existing canon of the Episcopal Church respecting marriage and divorce ought not to be misunderstood by the reader as indicating any inclination in that Church to a lax rule on this subject. The present canon provides that no minister may solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife still living, except in the case of the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, or in case the parties who have been divorced desire to be united in marriage again. It was proposed by the committee to whom this matter had been referred to omit this exception from the canon, so as to make marriage, so far as the Episcopal Church can do so, absolutely indissoluble, no matter what crime against the marriage vow may have been perpetrated.

There are three conceptions of marriage: first, the sacramental, according to which grace is communicated to the married parties by the marriage ceremony, and the new relation into which they enter is indissoluble; second, the view which regards marriage as a divine ordinance but not as a sacrament, which holds the opinion that unfaithfulness to the marriage vow does of itself pollute the family at its foundation and annul the marital obligations of the innocent party; the third, that marriage is simply a civil contract which may be annulled at any time when the legislature, or the courts in the exercise of the power given them by the legislature, think that the marriage is working injury rather than benefit to the parties. The first of these views is held by the Roman Church, the second generally by the Protestant Churches, and the third is a revival of the paganism which existed in Rome in the first century, and which proved disastrous to the family and to the dignity and purity of womanhood.

No one in the Episcopal Church proposes to put marriage upon this last foundation of commercial contract. The question between the two parties was between the first two of these views—whether marriage should be absolutely indissoluble, or whether it might be dissolved by the flagrant infidelity of one of the parties.

In our judgment, the Episcopal Church has done wisely in adhering to its canon and recognizing the one cause for divorce which Christ himself recognized. It is true that Bishop Doane argues at some length that Christ does not recognize any just ground for divorce. It appears to us that the plain reader of the Gospels will form a different judgment; and we think that the social history of the world justifies the conviction that the sacramental theory of marriage promotes rather than prevents looseness of morals in the community. There is, indeed, something horrible in the idea of fastening for life a woman to a husband who has been unfaithful to her, or a husband to a woman who has been similarly guilty of infidelity. It might perhaps be said that under such circumstances divorce is permissible, but not remarriage; but, in fact, that argument against remarriage is for the most part based upon the idea that the marriage tie is absolutely indissoluble, and divorce is not to be permitted, at least not recognized, by the Church for any cause whatever.

We believe that notice has already been given of an intention to reopen the question at the next Triennial Convention; and the majority in favor of the present conservative canon was not so large as to make it certain that further agitation on this subject may not bring the Episcopal Church into line with the Roman Church on this question.

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The Spectator

The Spectator had supposed that any respectable stranger presenting himself at a Colorado mine and asking the privilege of looking over the works would be hospitably treated and allowed to see everything. That is a mistake. Without a letter of introduction, and a good one, you will not get inside of an important mine, any more than you would be admitted to a fort in war-time. In fact, the mine to whose manager we had a letter was not unlike a fort. There was a high board fence along the road, with block-houses at the corners, in whose walls were holes from which rifle-barrels could gleam in case of need. The watchman at the gate was armed, and there were several racks of Winchesters in the office. It made the Spectator realize that he was in a community

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which had to attend more closely to the execution of its own laws than we are accustomed to in the East. In case of a strike the mine-owners must be prepared to protect their property.

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Driving up through "Stray Horse Gulch" at Leadville, the name recalled Bret Harte—or was it Mary Hallock Foote? What was familiar about "Stray Horse"? Why, "Led Horse"—that was it—"The Led Horse Claim." Just then our host pointed out a mine on a hillside near, the original, he said, of the one in Mrs. Foote's story; and the mine further down the hill was the one which had besieged it, and there had been a real fight there, just as in the novel. We put on old clothes, overalls, and rubber boots, stepped into an iron cage, and in a moment were shot down eight hundred feet into the bowels of the earth. When we came up, the Spectator took off his hat to the silent man who sat with his hands on the levers and his eyes on the dials which regulated the cages. There were more than twenty-five miles of drifts in this mine, on a dozen different levels, and we saw the various veins of ore and heard of the inferences that led to digging this way or that. There was no glint of silver or gold, only a dark gray substance that lay, crushed and moist, between porphyry and other hard rock. But many millions of dollars had already been taken out of that gray mass, and there were millions more to come.

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We went through a great smelting establishment, and here too there was the same care in admitting strangers. Only gilt-edged introductions are honored, and the superintendent himself must show the visitor about. The reason of it is because of the comparative ease with which a small sample of ore may be enriched by the passing stranger, who has been known to have gold concealed under his finger-nails, or in a pipe which he might empty near a little pile of ore that was awaiting the test. In smelting, the law of average reigns supreme. The mine does not get back its own bullion. The smelter buys the ore outright, and the amount that he should pay for the whole mass is regulated by the amount that a very small average quantity assays. Before the ore leaves the mine the owner has done his own assaying. When it reaches the smelter the car-load is shoveled into bins, every tenth shovelful going into a wheelbarrow. This tenth is crushed, laid out on the floor into a flat, circular pile like a great pie, ten feet in diameter, and the pie is cut into quarters. Two quarters that face are taken together, made into a smaller pie, cut again, and so on, until a small amount is left, which is fairly representative of the entire car-load. The operation of crushing into the finest powder the final sample is done in two rooms, each inclosed in glass, where no one but the workmen (who are often changed about) may enter. In each room the same samples are worked upon simultaneously, and if these exactly agree when tested by the assayers, the value of the car-load is determined. Two envelopes are filled with the same sample ore, one for the mine-owner and one for an umpire, in case of dispute as to the assaying of the samples.

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After all the crushing and burning and grinding, the finished product of the smelter looks like pigs of lead, but there are gold and silver with it, and the pigs are sent to another establishment finally to be resolved into their valuable elements. When the ore contains only gold, as is the case with several of the Cripple Creek mines, it goes to a "reduction" works. Here, by a process quite different from that of smelting, four or five hundred tons of ore—twenty car-loads—are reduced to a single gold brick. We saw one turned out—a real brick—so heavy that you could not lift it with one hand. From a white-hot fire (oil on which steam is blown) a red-hot pot was lifted, and about a quart of thick yellow cream poured into a mold, from which, as soon as it had cooled, the gold brick was shaken out on the dirty floor—shaken just as if it had been worth ten dollars a thousand instead of ten thousand dollars. When two bricks were made and stamped, they were wrapped in canvas, put on a man's shoulder, and the workman who had made them took down a Winchester from the wall, unlocked the iron gate which shut off his room from the rest of the works, and the two men started across the yard for the office, the man with the gun a few steps behind the bearer of the gold. The Spectator felt that he had never before realized the value of gold. There it was, the standard of values, and, in three days, man, with his knowledge of chemistry, had drawn it out of the dust of the ground, such as yonder laborers were shoveling from a car. And it was so valuable that if any of

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those laborers made a move to seize it they would be shot down in their tracks.

❀

Colorado is a most delightful State in which to spend a vacation, particularly if the playtime comes in September. Perhaps the most beautiful place in the Rockies is Glenwood Springs. Here is a fine hotel, with vapor baths, and a great swimming-pool, six hundred feet long, fed by cool mountain streams, tempered by hot sulphur springs, giving the bather water of even temperature (and an awful smell) at all seasons. One needs only a good case of inflammatory rheumatism thoroughly to enjoy Glenwood Springs. The world knows all about Colorado Springs and Manitou. Pike's Peak is a most interesting place to get away from as soon as possible. It is blowy and rocky, as peaks are apt to be, and the view is disappointing. There are two caves on a mountain near Manitou—the Cave of the Winds and the Grand Caverns. Pay not a dollar to go into each cave, but go into one only, for the two are practically one. And when you visit the Garden of the Gods, go without a guide if you can manage it, for then you will have no one near to whisper that such and such a rock is "Trilby's Foot," or that yonder are the "Kissing Camels."

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The Spectator is not proposing to give an itinerary of travel in Colorado, or to describe the Royal Gorge or Marshall Pass, but he would like to pay a passing tribute to a simple railway restaurant. It is a little spot called Cascade Cañon, and before we reached it at six o'clock the porter had said, "No, sir, I never eats no lunch at Leadville. I allers saves myself for this place we're comin' to." We went into a large, clean, attractive room, the tables set with snowy linen and bearing glass dishes full of fresh tomatoes and crisp cucumbers. Waitresses in black dresses, white aprons and collars and cuffs were ready to serve us. The coffee-cup by our plate was *hot*, and there was a dainty little pitcher of whipped cream beside it. Then came the supper, not served in birds' bath-tubs, but passed around on platters in a civilized manner—broiled chicken on a piece of hot, crisp toast; delicious fried potatoes with a hint of onion; an omelet; a chicken croquette. And then, when we were thinking that another piece of chicken would be acceptable, there came a tenderloin steak with a bit of bacon on it; and there were hot rolls, with sweet butter, and afterwards peaches and cream. It cost seventy-five cents, and as the Spectator laid down his money he lifted his hat to the lady in charge—and she must have been a real lady—and told her that he had seen many railway restaurants up and down the earth, but nothing like that. If the people of Colorado appreciate a good thing, they will be running excursion trains to Cascade Cañon before long.

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Service Rendered by the Moynier

The following letter from Mr. Stephen E. Barton, Vice-President of the American National Red Cross, concerning the Red Cross launch Moynier, will be of special interest to all who contributed to the fund for the purchase of the Moynier last summer:

Editors Outlook: I am glad to say that you can announce that the Red Cross launch Moynier is in service with the Red Cross relief ship City of San Antonio. The San Antonio went to Matanzas a week ago, that port having been designated by the American Evacuation Commission as a port of free entry to the Red Cross. The Government relief steamship Comal preceded the San Antonio by several days, and, there being no special need for both vessels at that port, we have decided to send the San Antonio to the eastern part of the island, and from there around to the southern shore. She will touch, probably, first at Gibara, where the Red Cross schooner Morse recently landed about five hundred tons of supplies; but, there being 60,000 destitute in the interior—accessible from Gibara—more supplies are needed. Manzanillo, on the south coast of Santiago Province, also needs relief, and we shall probably send the San Antonio there also, and perhaps to some points in Santa Clara Province.

Yours very truly,

STEPHEN E. BARTON, Chairman.

RED CROSS FUND

Previously acknowledged	$3,657 80
Miss K. R. W., Lima, Ind.	10 00
C. G. A. H., Lincoln, Neb.	7 00
N. P., Worcester, Mass.	25
Mrs. J. A. B., Detroit, Mich.	5 00
M. L. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
A. and M. M., Albany, N. Y.	15 00
K. G. C., New York, N. Y.	2 00
Sons of Veterans, Camp 24, Bridgeton, Me.	25 00
N. G. S., St. Denis	5 00
The Yorlim Club (children's), Milroy, Pa.	2 36
Miss A. I. N., Brookfield Center, Conn.	5 50
Glenbeulah Christian Endeavor, Glenbeulah, Wis.	3 00
M. K., Lawrence, N. Y.	1 00
H. F., Madison, N. J.	5 00
Mrs. J. W., Winter Haven, Fla.	20
C. H. F.	2 50
M. J. H., St. Johnsbury, Vt.	2 00
	$3,753 61

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A Trooper's Diary

III.—From Honolulu to Manila

Honolulu, Monday, July 25, 1898.

OUR squad, number four, has shore leave to-day, and so, after our morning bath and frugal lunch, K—— and I start out at one o'clock with the world before us. The first thing we do is to haggle with a Chinaman in the fish-market for a pineapple. Not much further on we stop again to buy some bananas and mangoes. It seems as if we couldn't get enough of this fruit, and the fact that I can write this shows that it has not yet killed us. We wandered on through the town out to the beautiful Nuuanu Avenue and on and up the Nuuanu Valley. As we go on the houses grow less frequent; we pass the cemetery, with its tall, dark trees and the melancholy atmosphere peculiar to a graveyard in the tropics. In a detour from the road we fall upon a guava grove, and I have my first introduction to the fruit. The rules for eating it I find to be, forget the first bite and then use your imagination powerfully, and you will be faintly reminded of guava jelly. But it doesn't begin to come up to the jelly. We got into conversation with a native farmer who was accompanied by two women. Their initial timidity changed to interest and friendliness, and they asked us to come and see their farm. We walked on a narrow dike between the irrigated paddy fields, and, after crossing the stream on dangerously slippery stones and scrambling up a steep hill, we were on their plantation. It was truly primitive—a bush of this, a tree of that, a little clump of sugar-cane, two big beds of carnations, a bread-fruit tree, etc. They loaded us down with guavas and alligator-pears and cane. K—— stayed to visit with them while I went to meet my dinner engagement. It was with something of a tingle of triumph that I found I could still use a napkin and drink from a real glass tumbler. The family seemed much interested in the conditions of life aboard the Peru, and were glad to find that the statements in an article of that morning's paper were somewhat overdrawn. I think the reporter was looking for passenger accommodation on a troop-ship, so he found the conditions wretchedly bad. Before I left, Mrs. J—— gave me a bottle of preserved tamarinds—for the construction of tamarind-water aboard ship—and a very cordial invitation to make their house my home as long as we stayed in Honolulu. I will see them all to-morrow at the "feast" to be given us by the good people of Honolulu in the grounds of the Executive Building (you are not allowed to say "Palace"). I was rather surprised to find that the Hotel Peru had moved and forced me to go hunting for my lodgings. At last I found the ship tethered to a coal-dock. As I was walking toward the gang-plank K—— hailed me, and we both stretched out on the wharf with boots and blouses for pillow and the warm Hawaiian breeze for blanket. I can only hope that the rest of the hundreds of sleepers on the wharf got as good rest as we did.

Tuesday, July 26.

Our gala day was as beautiful as a perfect temperature and a perfect sky could make it. We all had "wedding garments" served out to us in the shape of white duck suits. To be sure, the small men looked like walking meal-sacks, and the larger ones like growing boys in their last year's clothes—still, the general effect was good. A little before noon we were marched in column of fours to the Executive Building grounds. There we were greeted by the National Band playing very familiar Sousa marches. But the music was forgotten in the sight of the long tables, generously loaded with food, that stretched out under a lightly constructed palm-leaf shelter. The ladies, in light summer dresses, were gathered to one side, while the soldiers filed in and sat down at the word of command. Then our hostesses came forward and served the feast, filling and refilling the coffee-cups—coffee made with real milk—and scattering pie with lavish hand. The men ate heartily, thanks to a surplus sea appetite, and yet there was perfect order and decorum throughout the meal, and, as far as I know, there was no complaint of lack of courtesy. They said that the regulars were much less demonstrative than the earlier expeditions, but I know the men could not have been more pleased, and, besides, we get little official encouragement for hip-hip-hurrahs and three-times-three. After the spread was

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properly eaten up we wandered about the grounds talking with the ladies and gentlemen who "received." Mrs. Dole stood under a great spreading tree, and shook hands in a most cordial and gracious way with all who came to pay their respects to the President's wife. I doubt if anywhere a more democratic welcome has been given than we received—apparently no difference was made between officers and enlisted men; and when the regular army is entertained in that way, you may be sure there is an intentional disregard of social differences.

Wednesday, July 27.

The Judge had ordered three horses brought in for us to ride, and we were nothing if not eager to try them. The island horses—of which these were very good specimens—are rather smallish, but tough and wiry. Our steeds had been out at pasture for several months, and were shoeless and very fat from much grass-eating. K—— and I both had very nice horses, spirited enough, and right fast. Our ride was up Tantalus, a mountain that overlooks the city and the harbor, and far out on the ocean. The view was fine, and the road, through the woods for the most part, was level enough to give good opportunity for a canter or a run. To be on horseback and to be free was luxury indeed.

Thursday, July 28.

An excursion a-horse had been planned for us to the Pali, about six miles away. We started with our lunch tied on our saddles, mounted on the same horses as yesterday. Our road lay straight up Nuuanu Valley to its highest point, which should be called Nuuanu Pass, but instead is called Pali, meaning the precipice. The road was generally too steep for fast riding, but we were constantly charmed by the backward glimpses of the city and harbor. As we got near the pass the ever-blowing wind freshened in our faces, and occasionally there would come a dash of rain. The wind became a perfect gale as we rounded the rock at the summit. Nothing could surpass the grandeur of the view that lay before us. We seemed to be looking down a perfectly sheer mountain-side; at our feet lay a broad, wooded, and cultivated tract stretching away to the blue, blue Pacific with its uneven coast-line. Here we could stand and see the ocean on both sides of this lovely Oahu Island, with the mountains on one side sloping down to the sea and traversed by rich valleys like the one we had come up, and on the other dropping off in almost perpendicular cliffs. It seemed to me a view worthy of ranking among the world's most famous. We went down the road on the other side about half a mile to a place where we found a little grass by the wayside for the horses. Here we encamped for lunch. This road is a splendid bit of engineering, in many places cut out of the rock; it winds along the mountain side with easy grade and graceful curves. It has just been completed, and I think the people have good reason to be proud of it.

Friday, July 29.

To-day we were to go to the museum, and so at the usual time the troop of three started. We found it full of interest. Its scope is confined to the islands of the Pacific, and in its field it has a very wonderful collection. Of course it is peculiarly rich in Hawaiian collections. We spent two hours most profitably under the guidance of the assistant curator—an intelligent Australian. Then we were off for the beautiful Moana Loa, where our objective point was the fresh-water swimming-tank. The bath is made in the shape of a Maltese cross—about five feet deep and twenty feet square. The bottom is of blue and white tiles, and around the sides are ferns and palms. It certainly is a little gem of its kind. Yesterday the transport Pennsylvania came in, and to-day they were feasted on the Executive Building grounds. The boat, I am afraid, is much overcrowded. It carries one Montana Volunteer Regiment, and three hundred recruits for the First Cavalry, making in all something over thirteen hundred men. The tales told of the discomfort are very unpleasant and very harrowing to the sympathetic people of Honolulu. Unfortunately, one has to discount the stories of these men a good deal, as they are inclined to be word-colorists. When Major-General Otis went over the boat, it is reported that he said there was room for a hundred or two more. The truth lies somewhere between the "official" and the "enlisted" judgments.

July 30, Saturday.

We rode to the western end of the island in an open freight-car, and so could see all the countryside. The line skirts the shore, and the ride was full of interest. We passed in full view of beautiful Moana Loa. The ride around the shores of Pearl Harbor was fine. It is a splendid body of water, and when the channel is cleared, which the Gov-

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ernment experts say can be done comparatively easily, it will make a very desirable naval depot. We stopped at the Ewa Sugar Mill; it is situated in the midst of hundreds of acres of sugar-cane. It was not in operation, but the good night-watchman explained the processes. The mill is the largest one on the islands, and last year turned out 18,000 tons of sugar. The freight agent at the station told us that there was a message for us at the telephone. It was that we were ordered to report as soon as possible at the steamer. We, the three of us, jumped into a cab and drove to the Peru and found Lieutenant Elliot on the after deck. We saluted. He said, "Your leave is up; you will report to the first sergeant for duty." We saluted and reported. The "top" said he wanted us to sign the pay-roll and be back at ten to-night, as to-morrow morning was muster. After the roll was properly signed we drove off in our cab. The military hand that had been laid upon us came with a shock. We have been free so long that we hardly realize that we are soldiers and not simply summer visitors.

Wednesday, August 3.

This morning we heard the whistles announcing the sighting of a man-of-war, and we knew that the Philadelphia would be in in an hour or two. It was a fine sight—the fierce, lead-colored ship as she slowly moved into the harbor. There were loud whistles from shore, a salute to Admiral Miller from the Mohican—a dear old wooden gunboat—and an answering salute from the Philadelphia. We expect that the Admiral brings orders for us. The great ones of land and water will have a meeting this afternoon. This morning the Rio and the Pennsylvania pulled out about five o'clock. They are both slow boats, and we shall easily overtake them if we leave before the end of the week.

Thursday, August 4.

When we got up there seemed to be no doubt that we should leave; in fact, the hour of nine was given for sailing. On the boat all is bustle and confusion. Everybody is trying to get through the line, and scarcely anybody is allowed. We were able to talk with our friends on the dock until after ten. At last, something after eleven, the Puebla, lying alongside of us, pulled out into the stream, and we followed her. The wharf was crowded with the white and native friends of the soldiers. The people seemed to be sorry at the soldiers' leaving (you see, we have been here longer than any other expedition), but I am sure they were not as sorry as we were to go.

We steamed out past the Philadelphia, almost grazing the Vancouver boat Aorangi, out past the lighthouse into the open sea. Once more we felt the regular throb of the engines and the swing of the boat. In the distance Diamond Head and the surf beach began to fade, and before the afternoon was old the islands were out of sight. When the roll-call of our troop was taken, it appeared that two of our number, both recruits, had stayed behind—in short, deserted. In all, perhaps eight or ten from our ship's company left us at Honolulu, one dose of troop-ship life being enough for them. "E" Troop lost a sergeant—Powell, whose time expired, and who received his discharge before we left. He was our drillmaster at the Presidio, and though he was strict and short, still every one felt that he was every inch a cavalryman. I am sorry he did not "take on again," but he was too wretched coming from 'Frisco to continue the voyage under the same circumstances.

Friday, August 5.

The order was issued to-day that hereafter all enlisted men should go barefooted. It has raised quite a storm, and to hear some of the men talk of the irreparable damage that is going to come to their feet you would think "they were born with shoes," as K—— remarked. Lying out on deck, as I have been most of the day, gives me a good chance to study feet. I cannot find that they tell character. Perhaps if we always went barefoot they might be as significant as the hands.

Saturday, August 6.

The regular life of the ship is on now. Drill in the morning, inspection on Saturday, a bath once a day, and for the rest eating and sleeping and loafing. I rather think I shall go on sick report to-morrow, as I have felt rather slack and feverish since Wednesday.

Sunday, August 7.

The doctor says I have malarial fever, and has accordingly copiously dosed me with quinine. The result of the quinine is that I am very dull and lazy. I drag up on deck, have a cup of soup for dinner, and tea and hardtack for supper, and let the breakfast pork go. Orders have been issued that only two troops shall sleep on the deck per night, so we get up every third night. I shall break

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this rule, as I can't sleep below when I am feeling feverish. Yesterday we passed the Rio and Penn. We did not stop, but went right on, and soon lost them in the hazy distance. They ought to get to Manila the same week we do.

August 13.

The doctor this morning reported me "duty," which means that I am well, and, as I feel so, I am glad enough to begin my regular work, if you can call our ship activity work. At half-past two we had "inspection," "armed with carbine, campaign hats, white clothes, and no shoes." Thus armed, we were duly looked over as we rocked on the port deck. In the evening there was "an entertainment" in the "social hall." The officers sat about, while various of the talented ones among us sang and recited and did a "song and dance" for their benefit. It was voted a great success, but, as I was sleepy, I heard the commotion only in my dreams. The box of cigars that was generously donated to the performers was appropriated by the self-appointed "star."

Sunday, August 14.

I have begun "duty" in earnest, for I am on guard. My post this time is No. 4, being the fresh-water tank and vicinity. I have to keep the water from being wasted, and prevent crowding. The great charm of post No. 4 is that it commands the galley door and the main route from galley to pantry. The guard is strictly "in it." I managed to pull through the day with my regular rations supplemented by a beefsteak, an Irish stew, a cup of coffee, an egg-nog, corn muffins, cakes, mince pie, and bacon. I think that was all. It seems very much as I write it down, but it was strung over the day and night watches, and I truly didn't beg for any of it. Such is it to be under the gracious patronage of steamship waiters plus Chinese cooks.

Monday, August 15, 1898.

Just one month since we sailed through the Golden Gate, and now again we are in sight of land. In the hazy distance off our port bow is a great heap of an island—probably one of the Ladrones—very apparently volcanic in its origin. Whether we stop or not I do not know.

The island is one of the northern Ladrones. About half-past three another showed itself off the starboard side. This island was larger than the first, and more varied and jagged. As we passed it we saw that there was a channel dividing the rocky mass in two. The sides were unmistakably green, and I suppose are populated by glad and naked natives, but they must resemble goats or monkeys to stick on. After supper—which, by the way, was an extra fine one of onions and salmon—we climbed up into the rigging and feasted our eyes on the sight of land. We saw in all three specimens of this Ladrone group, and from these I should fear that American civilization would have a hard time getting a foothold on their surf-beaten shores. As the sun went down the islands began to fade in the east, and, after all, we were glad that the old ship was plunging on into the red waters of the sunset instead of lingering for a possible cocoanut or bread-fruit sandwich on a craggy Ladrone.

August 16, 1898.

This morning one of the stewards of the engineer's mess died very suddenly. I think it was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain that carried him off. At four in the afternoon they buried him. The body was sewed up in new canvas and covered with a great flag. At eight bells the engines stopped and the Captain read the Lord's Prayer and the Burial Service, while the boat heaved silently on the long swells. Six of the Chinese crew lifted the body over the ship's side. It dropped with a splash and quickly sank. There was a pause, then the throb of the propeller began again, and the crowd of curious soldiers went about their afternoon lounging. The Chinamen passed us laughing and chattering and apparently wholly unimpressed with this, to their way of thinking, unceremonial and heathen burial.

"Old guard fatigue," for me, consisted in cleaning decks after our three meals. Once, after dinner, the decks are washed; for the rest, a "dry polish" does. These cleanings are more than mere form; they are really necessary, for we sit around on deck to eat our meals, and the *débris* is considerable. "Old guard fatigue" makes the boat habitable.

Wednesday, August 17.

To-day the wind and the swell freshened very considerably, so that at noon it looked as if we should have a hard blow; but fortunately it was a false alarm, and toward evening it has quieted down, and looks as if our lovely weather would continue. The land fever has struck the ship's company, as

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the report is that to-morrow we may sight land. I think it not improbable, and am sure that I, for one, will welcome the sight. I figured up to-day the daily runs from 'Frisco to Honolulu, and from Honolulu to noon to-day. The first stage of our journey was 2,070 miles, made in seven and one-half days, a daily average of two hundred and seventy-six miles. Up to date we have come 3,778 miles from Honolulu, with a daily average of three hundred and fourteen and five-sixth miles. So we are making very good time—for the Peru—and the present indications are that we shall reach Manila Saturday or Sunday. It is interesting, the amount of geography that is being absorbed on this trip. The phenomena of the day lost last week, and the change of time every twenty-four hours, is thought over and puzzled over until some kind of an explanation is found, and, of course, generally it is the right one.

Among other interesting pursuits that are carried on aboard is that of tattooing. One of the men in the batteries is a master of the art—that is, a master of part of the art, for he does not attempt large pictorial pieces. For a moderate price, however, he will prick a crossed cannon with the regiment and battery marked on them, or a star, or a flag; but a flag comes higher. You see the proud possessors of these adornments going about with their shirt-sleeves rolled back, or a bare foot stuck out prominently. It is interesting, this phase of the decorative instinct, for while it originates in the desire for adornment, yet there has come into it an element of heroism in the brave endurance of pain, and the man with the well-pricked hide is, if anything, a little prouder of the pain he has suffered than of the pictures on him. His friends admire him as a picture gallery and a hero.

August 18.

The boat has been running finely to-day, quite outstripping the Puebla. The rule about sleeping on deck one night and below the next is still kept up, though as far as E Troop is concerned it is very nearly a dead letter. On the detail that is posted up every afternoon for the following day are the words, either, "The troop sleeps on deck to-night," or else "The troop must sleep below to-night." Perhaps half the troop observe the "below" nights; the rest of us sleep on deck every night. There is just a tang of excitement about breaking the law—for there is always the chance that "check" may be taken below, and then the absent man stands liable to court-martial or indefinite "fatigues." Last night eighteen men in one of the batteries were caught and sentenced to "fatigue" when we land. However, we shall merrily run the gauntlet to-night, and if we are caught we have at least escaped the dangers of the hold. Night before last a bread-thief was caught and sentenced to imprisonment. This sounds as if we were being starved, which is far from the fact. The food we are getting now is, on the whole, the best we have had since we came on board ship. To-night we had dried apples, the donation of a Mrs. Townsend, of San Francisco.

Friday, August 19.

To-day has been made memorable by our sighting land. It was about one o'clock, and off our starboard bow. A little further on and land showed off our starboard beam, and then a very surprising sight appeared between the two pieces of land—three ships sailing in company. There were all sorts of conjectures as to who they were—for we are on the lookout for everything, from a Spanish privateer to one of Dewey's fleet coming out to be our escort. The popular mind was relieved, but also a trifle disappointed, when the three ships proved to be three great rocks towering sheer out of the ocean. Land we also sighted on our port beam, and of course we concluded at once that it was Luzon, and that Manila was just around the corner; however, we did not change our course from west to south until about the middle of the night. K—— was sleeping just below me up on the roof of the deck-house, and I felt him tugging at my arm, pointing out that our course had changed, and that land was in sight off the port beam. That settled it; we were in the China Sea, in sight of the island of our destination. The Puebla had been almost lost in the distance all day, and this evening she was quite out of sight. The sunset was unusually lovely to-night. The sky was nearly cloudless and the ocean very quiet. The sun, like a great red ball sunk to the verge of the horizon, seemed to linger, and then suddenly dipped below the red and yellow water. Just over where the sun went down the thinnest of crescent moons pointed up to the evening star, which fairly outshone it. The twilight was short but very beautiful. When it was dark, there was much interest in watching the lights that showed on land off our port

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side. They seemed like bonfires, and were the first unmistakable signs of man that we have seen since leaving Honolulu. K—— is having a touch of fever—his old South African kind. He had been feeling "under the weather" for two or three days before he knew just what the matter was. I hope he can break it up before we land. He goes on sick report to-morrow.

August 20.

All day long we have been in sight of land, and our course has been due south. The shores of Luzon, as we have seen them through a light mist, have been rocky and high, and low lying, by turns. A steep promontory will be followed by a long stretch of level country with a lofty mountain in the distance. The boat rolls along rather more slowly than we have been going, and it is evident that we are not making for port to-night. Each hour as it goes by finds the soldiers in perceptibly better spirits, for we are nearer land, and also there is less chance of the dread typhoon. We are almost beginning to joke about typhoons in general, so kindly does the China Sea treat us. About seven in the evening, as K—— and I were lying upon the roof of the deck-house watching a livid sunset, the engines stopped and we rocked listlessly in the swell of the strong west breeze. On the land we saw a flashing light. The three different colors recurring at regular intervals meant a lighthouse, and we concluded that we were off Manila Bay, and would have to wait till the morning to sail in. There is a great deal of mystery about the land which we can just see in dark outline. We are so near, and yet we do not know what *you* have known for weeks. Manila may have fallen, or our troops may be lying in the trenches where perhaps we shall be ordered to-morrow. We were driven below about midnight by a heavy squall of wind and rain. As soon as the drops began to fall there was a rush to the hatches, and a mob of soldiers more than half asleep fell down stairs, waking up the men below, and receiving their hearty curses. We shall not be sorry to have done with some features of our life aboard ship.

August 21.

It is just sixteen weeks ago this morning that Dewey entered this harbor, and if he saw no more of it than we do he certainly sailed by faith. When we started, at six o'clock, the mist was so thick that we could hardly see land. The rain was pelting down harder than we have yet had it. It was a wet and miserable crowd that stood up and ate their beans and coffee with the water trickling down their necks, and only the excitement of making port kept us from shooting ourselves. The Puebla had caught up with us over night, and sailed behind us as we made for the shore. The course lay between an island and a point of the mainland. The island is beautiful. Thickly wooded, it rises from the water to an elevation of four or five hundred feet; crowning the summit is the lighthouse whose rainbow flashes we saw last night. Inside the gates of the Bay we were again encircled by the mist, only a dim line of shore being visible on our right. A steamer passed us that we supposed to be a German collier. This was followed by a native boat—a most curious contraption. The sail was of woven wickerwork, and outriggers kept the outfit from rolling over. Straight-haired Malays swarmed over her and looked with wide-open eyes at the soldiers crowding the steamer's sides. It was after seven before we saw ships appearing out of the fog, and the first boat we clearly saw was the Baltimore! The anchor was dropped and a little launch bobbed alongside from the cruiser. There was a consultation between the navy and the army. Behind the Baltimore was a fleet of American war-ships and colliers, and in the distance, behind the ungainly monitor Monterey, were the masts and smokestacks of several sunken Spanish boats. When the consultation was over, we weighed anchor and went on toward a fleet of boats that showed in the distance. We were going, it seems, from Cavite to Manila Harbor. The boats grew clearer as we went on, and we could distinguish between the colliers and transports and the men-of-war. To our right was the main part of the American fleet, and to our left the foreign boats, with the English and the Japanese nearest in shore. Again we dropped our anchor, between the Olympia, with its admiral's flag flying, and an English cruiser, with its white sides and cream-colored funnels. Before us lay Manila, its shore-line white with warehouses, and its sky-line broken by church domes and spires. We know that the city has surrendered, for here we are in the harbor. The report has also spread over the ship that peace has been declared. Oh, the visions of Thanksgiving dinners at home! One ardent youth from one of the batteries applied for his discharge. Many wanted to

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follow his example, but feared to seem over-eager. The memory of the voyage is so fresh that the crowd's patriotism has not had time to rise. As one chap put it, "Next time the Government will have to be shaken pretty bad before *I* enlist to save it. I guess next time I'll just step in before it falls." This was said about fifteen minutes before the rain stopped and the sun came out. The General had several callers from various foreign men-of-war, and finally the Government launch took him with his staff ashore. The launch was Spanish from the gilded coat of-arms at the bow to the gilded stern-post. Somehow the neat little American flag looked out of place. You wanted to see a great Spanish ensign sweeping the waves. The day passed quickly, looking at the shore and the boats. About five the launch returned, and at six we moved back to Cavite.

We hear that Manila surrendered a week ago yesterday. So we are too late for the storming of the city. Still, we may have some work with the insurgents.

Monday, August 22.

Last night again we were chased below by a bad squall. This night-moving has lost its interest. The morning is fine. The water of the bay is so still that the natives have come out in their dugouts with bananas and oranges and pineapples and tobacco to sell or trade. The American money puzzles them. They would rather take a little piece of chewing tobacco than a quarter, and they love above all else our blue-and-white bed-ticks; from these they make trousers. We lie here in sight of the white buildings of the arsenal. Out in the bay are the Baltimore and the Monterey, with one other man-of-war. On the shore side is a fleet of colliers and transports, and in a half-moon about us the sunken hulks of the Spanish fleet. Such a sight can nowhere else be seen. It is impressive and very appealing. There is talk of our going on shore, but our routine has not changed except that we have put on shoes. This afternoon three troops and one battery went ashore. The boat is so clear and comfortable now that we almost hate to leave. All afternoon I have been down packing cargo into a lighter lying alongside. Our prisoners and about twenty other men have been working this way, half in the boat and half in the native lighter. These boats are a sight—long, slim craft with flat bottoms and rising prow and stern.

HUNTINGTON.

Shall We Have Trained Officials?

By Charles S. Bernheimer, Ph.D.

AMONG the lessons which the recent war has taught us is the value of a bureaucracy like that of the Navy Department. Its achievements are the fine apology for the existence of this bureaucracy. Without its splendid service, what, indeed, would be the position of the United States to-day? But that is already an old story from the newspaper point of view, even though it will live long in the annals of our country.

In contrast are the achievements of the army, which, though most noble on the field of battle, and performing an immense task in pushing the enemy back, thus playing a highly important part in the final capitulations, were marred by the lack of administrative ability shown by officers in charge of the supplies, the transportation, the hygienic conditions, and the details which aid the easy movement and the comfort of the troops. No doubt it was impossible at once to overcome many of the difficulties that had to be contended with. But, from the reports that have come to the surface, the War Department aggravated the difficulties by the appointment of officers, not on the basis of efficiency, but on the score of political influence. Nothing appears to be more typical of the attitude of the War Department to obtain cheap popularity than its order to pick out regiments from a large number of States, so that as many States as possible might participate in the glory of occupying Porto Rico. This was too much for our National sense of humor, and the order was rescinded.

Our foreign relations have been so much to the fore of late that the Nation has been enabled to study at close range important phases of our diplomatic service and methods. What impression our diplomacy makes on the impartial observer is well illustrated by the following terse summary of our diplomatic controversy with Spain just previous to the war: "The trained Spaniard put the untrained amateur American hope-

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lessly to rout in the combat of words and dispatches."

The article ("The United States and Spain," in the "Quarterly Review" for July, 1898) from which this quotation is made avers that, in the eyes of the world, Spain, by her clever diplomacy, succeeded in putting the United States in the wrong. Now, we want to be not only victorious in war, but right in peace; not only drilled to meet the foe in the actual conflict of arms, but skillful in our regular intercourse with our neighbors; not only moved by humanitarian impulses to take up the cause of weaker nations, but educated to present every cause with the best possible effect. The American realizes the value of professional training in other schemes of life, but not in the political. The article above referred to makes the statement, "The American naval officers are among the best in the world—scientific, well educated, having the 'sentiment of the sea,' cool, brave, resourceful, and energetic." We see the result in the one department of the National Government most conspicuously administered according to scientific educational methods, in contradistinction to American wire-pulling political methods. Let us proceed to put other officials on a similar basis, and they, too, will be "among the best in the world—scientific, well educated," "cool, brave, resourceful, and energetic." The Nation prides itself on the tactical knowledge displayed by its commanding naval officers, and on the skill and precision of its gunners. Why should it not feel an equal thrill of pride in the nicety and the ability with which its diplomatic officials and consular agents conduct their business? Why will the powers that be insist upon appointing pot-house politicians to positions which other first-class nations believe worthy to be honored by cultured, learned, trained officials? In a "tight place," we often recognize the value of training and ability and do not take politics into consideration, as occurred, for instance, in the appointment to the position of First Assistant Secretary of State of a professor of international law of one of our leading universities. It would have been the regular order to make such an appointment in Great Britain or Germany, but with us it is the exception. We ought not to wait till we get in a "tight place;" we often get into it because of inefficiency which could have been avoided by a sane system of appointment of officials who have delicate tasks to perform. We ought to have at the disposal of the Government the best available talent. In our governmental relations we ought to be as cool-headed, as graceful, and as wise as it is possible to be, and not a laughing-stock for European nations to point out as an illustration of "shirt-sleeves" politics. With the ambition which the success of the war has brought about, greater attention will doubtless be given to the foreign affairs of the Nation, and possibly some efforts will be made to remodel the State Department service so that men specially schooled for its work will be appointed, say on the lines suggested by Mr. Rives in the August "Forum."

However, it is not only in the State Department but in all the departments that appointments should be so made, and not only in the central Government but in the State and municipal governments. Municipal reformers do well to emphasize the importance of civil service reform as a means of bringing about municipal reform. With the many appointments open to the influence of politicians, enabling them to "take care" of a number of their constituents, the difficulties of reforming municipal maladministration are certainly great. To take but one example, the appointment of thousands of teachers in the public schools is obtained through "influence" with school directors. These appointments affect many thousands of voters—relatives and friends of the teachers—who are led to vote at the behest of the persons who used the "influence," who are a part of a coterie that use their "influence" for other appointments and for contracts.

Says Professor Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" (Vol. II., ch. cxiv., second edition): "The Machine will not be reformed from within; it must be assailed from without. Two heavy blows have been lately struck at it. The first was the Civil Service Reform Act of 1883. If this Act is honestly administered, and its principles extended to other Federal offices, if States and cities follow, as a few have done, in the wake of the National Government, the spoils system may before long be rooted out, and with that system the power of the Machine will crumble. . . . The second blow is the frequent appearance, not merely in Federal elections, but in the State and municipal elections, of a body of men pledged to vote for honest candidates, irrespective of party." Since this was written the extension of Civil Service Reform princi-

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ples has but made more impressive the truth of these assertions.

It must be recognized, however, that these reforms, especially the latter, if made effective, are dependent largely upon public sentiment. It is well understood that one of the best means of reforming a people, and sometimes the only means, is to educate their children; and I believe that this plan can be applied by the instruction of our children in the public schools in the principles of political reform. The study of civil government, including the principles of appointment for ability and training, and not for spoils, once implanted in the minds of our future voters, will go a long way toward compelling changes in our political methods. From observation of the effect of the study of political science on college students, I feel confident that great good can be accomplished. Our colleges, in their teaching of political science, are doing much for the elevation of the civic spirit; and when the boys and girls in our lower schools become imbued with this spirit, by a process similar to that obtained by the graduates in higher education, the politicians will point their fingers of scorn and ridicule in vain. Thus will the public schools, in spite of the politicians who now control many of them, be a potent means of the ultimate overthrow of these politicians. The reform forces—the municipal associations, the civil service reform societies, the civic clubs—all agitating, educating, will aid in this overthrow. Not by fits and starts, not by sudden sweeps, but by steady, systematic effort, will the reform come.

Thousands of young men and women are ready to train themselves for positions in our central, State, and municipal governments. They are willing to adopt Government office as a genuine profession. At present we have the anomaly of educating students in the political science departments of our colleges for the duties of public administration with but the slightest possible chance of their ever securing a public position. Provide instruction in this subject as a possible career and crowds of waiting young men and women will take it up enthusiastically, and, whenever given the opportunity, will invest positions of our various governments with real honor and responsibility. They will look after the interests of the departments in the Nation, in the States, in the cities, with a care and a precision that will surprise a community brought up under the régime of the ward-heeler politician. In this connection I cannot help referring to the unintelligent and disobliging manner of many clerks in municipal offices as compared with the agreeable and intelligent disposition of a body of attendants in a public institution manned and conducted, not according to American political methods, but according to American business methods. The spirit of the one class of officials is in striking contrast with the quiet industry of the other.

With a feeling that public office is really a public trust and a position of honor, we should have business men, professional men, men of leisure, desirous of glorifying themselves in the legislative arena, just as young men appeared in the recent arena of war. We ought to have in our councilmanic chambers, in our legislative halls, in our Congress, men who are animated by the same spirit which impelled the American forces. We have shown a gallant, a chivalrous, a heroic conduct in war. Why not in peace and in civil affairs? Compare the spirit of our soldiers in the field with that of our Councilmen in the city; the one fighting a cause of humanity for another people, the others giving away the franchises of the municipality for their personal aggrandizement. Compare our suffering, starving military to the well-fed politicians who draw from the public coffers. Compare the stubborn fight at Santiago with our indifference to the enemy within our camps. Compare the final splendid achievement of the American Nation in the war with the failure of our municipal governments, with the rottenness and corruption of our State governments. Compare our lofty attitude toward Spain with the clarion call of politics, "To the victor belong the spoils." Bear in mind that this implies an enemy, a species of internecine warfare. Let us forever blot out the notion of spoils within. Then we may with better grace teach a lesson of magnanimity without.

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October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

—From T. B. Aldrich's "Maple Leaves."

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Their Dear Little Ghost[1]

By Elia W. Peattie

["The Shape of Fear" is the suggestive title of a little volume of ghostly tales by Elia W. Peattie, of an unusual quality. Mrs. Peattie has brought to the writing of the ghost story the art of clear, direct, and suggestive treatment. The stories are all short, but each one leaves a vivid impression on the mind of the reader. "Their Dear Little Ghost" is reprinted from the volume by the courtesy of Mrs. Peattie's publishers, the Macmillan Company, of this city.—THE EDITORS.]

THE first time one looked at Elsbeth, one was not prepossessed. She was thin and brown, her nose turned slightly upward, her toes went in just a perceptible degree, and her hair was perfectly straight. But when one looked longer, one perceived that she was a charming little creature. The straight hair was as fine as silk, and hung in funny little braids down her back; there was not a flaw in her soft brown skin; and her mouth was tender and shapely. But her particular charm lay in a look which she habitually had, of seeming to know curious things—such as it is not allotted to ordinary persons to know. One felt tempted to say to her:

"What are these beautiful things which you know, and of which others are ignorant? What is it you see with those wise and pellucid eyes? Why is it that everybody loves you?"

Elsbeth was my little godchild, and I knew her better than I knew any other child in the world. But still I could not truthfully say that I was familiar with her, for to me her spirit was like a fair and fragrant road in the midst of which I might walk in peace and joy, but where I was continually to discover something new. The last time I saw her quite well and strong was over in the woods where she had gone with her two little brothers and her nurse to pass the hottest weeks of summer. I followed her, foolish old creature that I was, just to be near her, for I needed to dwell where the sweet aroma of her life could reach me.

One morning, when I came from my room, limping a little, because I am not so young as I used to be, and the lake wind works havoc with me, my little godchild came dancing to me, singing:

"Come with me and I'll show you my places, my places, my places!"

Miriam, when she chanted by the Red Sea, might have been more exultant, but she could not have been more bewitching. Of course I knew what "places" were, because I had once been a little girl myself; but unless you are acquainted with the real meaning of 'places," it would be useless to try to explain. Either you know "places" or you do not—just as you understand the meaning of poetry or you do not. There are things in the world which cannot be taught.

Elsbeth's two tiny brothers were present, and I took one by each hand and followed her. No sooner had we got out-of-doors in the woods than a sort of mystery fell upon the world and upon us. We were cautioned to move silently, and we did so, avoiding the crunching of dry twigs.

"The fairies hate noise," whispered my little godchild, her eyes narrowing like a cat's.

"I must get my wand first thing I do," she said, in an awed undertone. "It is useless to try to do anything without a wand."

The tiny boys were profoundly impressed, and, indeed, so was I. I felt that at last I should, if I behaved properly, see the fairies, which had hitherto avoided my materialistic gaze. It was an enchanting moment, for there appeared, just then, to be nothing commonplace about life.

There was a swale near by, and into this the little girl plunged. I could see her red straw hat bobbing about among the tall rushes, and I wondered if there were snakes.

"Do you think there are snakes?" I asked one of the tiny boys.

"If there are," he said with conviction, "they won't dare hurt her."

He convinced me. I feared no more. Presently Elsbeth came out of the swale. In her hand was a brown "cattail," perfectly full and round. She carried it as queens carry their scepters—the beautiful queens we dream of in our youth.

"Come," she commanded, and waved the scepter in a fine manner. So we followed, each tiny boy gripping my hand tight. We were all three a trifle awed. Elsbeth led us

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into a dark underbrush. The branches, as they flew back in our faces, left them wet with dew. A wee path, made by the girl's dear feet, guided our footsteps. Perfumes of elderberry and wild cucumber scented the air. A bird, frightened from its nest, made frantic cries above our heads. The underbrush thickened. Presently the gloom of the hemlocks was over us, and in the midst of the shadowy green a tulip-tree flaunted its leaves. Waves boomed and broke upon the shore below. There was a growing dampness as we went on, treading very lightly. A little green snake ran coquettishly from us. A fat and glossy squirrel chattered at us from a safe height, stroking his whiskers with a complaisant air.

At length we reached the "place." It was a circle of velvet grass, bright as the first blades of spring, delicate as fine sea-ferns. The sunlight, falling down the shaft between the hemlocks, flooded it with a softened light and made the forest round about look like deep purple velvet. My little godchild stood in the midst and raised her wand impressively.

"This is my place," she said, with a sort of wonderful gladness in her tone. "This is where I come to the fairy balls. Do you see them?"

"See what?" whispered one tiny boy.

"The fairies."

There was a silence. The older boy pulled at my skirt.

"Do *you* see them?" he asked, his voice trembling with expectancy.

"Indeed," I said, "I fear I am too old and wicked to see fairies, and yet—are their hats red?"

"They are," laughed my little girl. "Their hats are red, and as small—as small!" She held up the pearly nail of her wee finger to give us the correct idea.

"And their shoes are very pointed at the toes?"

"Oh, very pointed!"

"And their garments are green?"

"As green as grass."

"And they blow little horns?"

"The sweetest little horns!"

"I think I see them," I cried.

"We think we see them too," said the tiny boys, laughing in perfect glee.

"And you hear their horns, don't you?" my little godchild asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Don't we hear their horns?" I asked the tiny boys.

"We think we hear their horns," they cried. "Don't you think we do?"

"It must be we do," I said. "Aren't we very, very happy?"

We all laughed softly. Then we kissed each other, and Elsbeth led us out, her wand high in the air.

And so my feet found the lost path to Arcady.

The next day I was called to the Pacific coast, and duty kept me there till well into December. A few days before the date set for my return to my home, a letter came from Elsbeth's mother.

"Our little girl is gone into the Unknown," she wrote—"that Unknown in which she seemed to be forever trying to pry. We knew she was going, and we told her. She was quite brave, but she begged us to try some way to keep her till after Christmas. 'My presents are not finished yet,' she made moan. 'And I did so want to see what I was going to have. You can't have a very happy Christmas without me, I should think. Can you arrange to keep me somehow till after then?' We could not 'arrange' either with God in heaven or science upon earth, and she is gone."

She was only my little godchild, and I am an old maid, with no business fretting over children, but it seemed as if the medium of light and beauty had been taken from me. Through this crystal soul I had perceived whatever was loveliest. However, what was, was! I returned to my home and took up a course of Egyptian history, and determined to concern myself with nothing this side the Ptolemies.

Her mother has told me how, on Christmas Eve, as usual, she and Elsbeth's father filled the stockings of the little ones, and hung them, where they had always hung, by the fireplace. They had little heart for the task, but they had been prodigal that year in their expenditures, and had heaped upon the two tiny boys all the treasures they thought would appeal to them. They asked themselves how they could have been so insane previously as to exercise economy at Christmas time, and what they meant by not getting Elsbeth the autoharp she had asked for the year before.

"And now—" began her father, thinking of harps. But he could not complete this sentence, of course, and the two went on passionately and almost angrily with their task. There were two stockings and two piles of

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toys. Two stockings only, and only two piles of toys! Two is very little!

They went away and left the darkened room, and after a time they slept—after a long time. Perhaps that was about the time the tiny boys awoke, and, putting on their little dressing-gowns and bed slippers, made a dash for the room where the Christmas things were always placed. The older one carried a candle which gave out a feeble light. The other followed behind through the silent house. They were very impatient and eager, but when they reached the door of the sitting-room they stopped, for they saw that another child was before them.

It was a delicate little creature, sitting in her white night-gown, with two rumpled funny braids falling down her back, and she seemed to be weeping. As they watched, she arose, and, putting out one slender finger as a child does when she counts, she made sure over and over again—three sad times—that there were only two stockings and two piles of toys! Only those and no more.

The little figure looked so familiar that the boys started toward it; but just then, putting up her arm and bowing her face in it, as Elsbeth had been used to do when she wept or was offended, the little thing glided away and went out. That's what the boys said. It went out as a candle goes out.

They ran and woke their parents with the tale, and all the house was searched in a wonderment, and disbelief, and hope, and tumult! But nothing was found. For nights they watched. But there was only the silent house. Only the empty rooms. They told the boys they must have been mistaken. But the boys shook their heads.

"We know our Elsbeth," said they. "It was our Elsbeth, cryin' 'cause she hadn't no stockin' an' no toys, and we would have given her all ours, only she went out— jus' went out!"

Alack!

The next Christmas I helped with the little festival. It was none of my affair, but I asked to help, and they let me, and when we were all through there were three stockings and three piles of toys, and in the largest one was all the things that I could think of that my dear child would love. I locked the boys' chamber that night, and I slept on the divan in the parlor off the sitting-room. I slept but little, and the night was very still—so windless and white and still that I think I must have heard the slightest noise. Yet I heard none. Had I been in my grave I think my ears would not have remained more unsaluted.

Yet when daylight came and I went to unlock the boys' bedchamber door, I saw that the stocking and all the treasures which I had bought for my little godchild were gone. There was not a vestige of them remaining!

Of course we told the boys nothing. As for me, after dinner I went home and buried myself once more in my history, and so interested was I that midnight came without my knowing it. I should not have looked up at all, I suppose, to become aware of the time, had it not been for a faint, sweet sound as of a child striking a stringed instrument. It was so delicate and remote that I hardly heard it, but so joyous and tender that I could not but listen, and when I heard it a second time it seemed as if I caught the echo of a child's laugh. At first I was puzzled. Then I remembered the little autoharp I had placed among the other things in that pile of vanished toys. I said aloud:

"Farewell, dear little ghost. Go rest. Rest in joy, dear little ghost. Farewell, farewell."

That was years ago, but there has been silence since. Elsbeth was always an obedient little thing.

The Eternity of Nature

By John Vance Cheney

The coming and the going of the light,
The pure stars shining, wheeling through the night,
The rousing and the onset of the storm,
Love's happy voices when the days are warm,
The call of flocks, the humming of the bee,
The lay and leafage of the greenwood tree,
The long melodious sorrowing of the hill,
The fall of dream when all the world is still—

What charm these ever had, they have it now;
Nature, eternal youth is on her brow,
Beauty is hers, forever round her way,
Not hers, but ours, the roses of a day.

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Sabatier's Philosophy of Religion[1]

SABATIER has, perhaps unconsciously, described his own purpose in this volume, in his account, in one of his closing chapters, of the position of dogmatics as "first taking as its object the study of the doctrinal tradition of the Church, tracing it back to its generative principle, following it in its successive forms and necessary evolution; and, secondly, freely applying to this objective material the principles and rules of a truly rational method, that may be avowed as such by philosophers." He neither accepts nor rejects either tradition or philosophy as infallible. The basis of religion is human experience; human experience expresses and formulates itself in doctrinal traditions; this experience remains ever in its essential elements the same, but this expression is ever changing, necessary but not immutable. Philosophy studies this life and traces the history of its expression, and explains and interprets it. Thus the philosophy of religion is to be based on, first, psychology, and, second, history, and is the philosophy both of the spiritual experience and of its organic expression. It "contains three parts which are related to each other as the three stories of one and the same edifice. The first treats of religion and its origin; the second of Christianity and its essence; the third of Dogma and its nature."

According to Sabatier, religion is a necessity of human nature. Humanity is "incurably religious." It is partly a product of curiosity, which impels man to seek the original cause of phenomena; partly of desire for help in hours of need—a help which no human being can give; partly from an inner consciousness of subordination to a higher Some-one or Some-what; partly from the aspirations of a soul seeking a superhuman ideal. "Religion, therefore, is immortal." "It is a conscious and willed relation into which the soul in distress enters with the mysterious power on which it feels that it and its destiny depend"—a definition too narrow, since by Sabatier's own showing it is not only "distress" which leads the soul to this communion. Religion, therefore, is universal; so is revelation. There is so much revelation as the soul, the community, the epoch, is able to receive. Revelation is the answer of God to the need of the soul. In all religions there is some truth; and in all, the truth is intermixed with human conceptions which are temporary and imperfect. The Bible is not a completed and perfected and instantaneous revelation; it is the product of a gradual religious development. It is not itself the word of God; but in it the word of God is to be found. That word is interior and progressive. God "did not write with his finger on tables of stone; He raised up Moses, and from the consciousness of Moses the Decalogue sprang." "There was no need to dictate it [the Epistle to the Romans] to the Apostle; God had only to create the powerful individuality of Saul of Tarsus, well knowing that when once the tree was made the fruit would follow in due course." "He caused Jesus to be born from the very bosom of the human race, and Jesus gave us the Gospel that had blossomed in his inmost heart." "Thus understood, religious inspiration does not differ from poetic inspiration. It presents the same mystery, but it is not more miraculous."

Christianity, then, is not the same as religion. It is one phase of the religious life; one product of religious experience. What is essential and distinctive in Christianity is Jesus Christ; and what makes him distinctive is his perfect relation of sonship with God the Father. "He felt himself to be in a filial relation towards God, and he felt that God was in a paternal relation toward him." "This was clearly the essential element in his consciousness, the distinctive and original feature of his piety; it is also the principle and essence of Christianity." "This feeling, filial in regard to God, fraternal in regard to man, is that which makes a Christian, and consequently it is the common trait of all Christians." Thus Christianity is seen to be, not a new doctrine or speculative view, but a new positive force, a power of life, flowing from the new relation realized between the soul of man and his Father-God. Its essence is, if we may coin the words, filialism and fraternalism; but this, expressed not in ideas only, but in life.

This Christian life exists in two great his-

[1] *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion, based on Psychology and History.* By Auguste Sabatier. James Pott & Co., New York.

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torical forms—Romanism and Protestantism. In the first we see Christianity not yet set free from Judaism and paganism. Chiefly, according to Sabatier, it is the latter which modifies and corrupts Christianity; in this estimate we do not altogether agree. We think Romanism is the new experience of Christian relationship, expressed in ancient forms, partly Hebraic, partly Greek, partly Roman. Sabatier, however, apparently thinks that "the material is Greek in form, in color, in every fiber of its tissue." "Names and etiquettes were changed, but not the things themselves;" which appears to us but a half-truth. A new life was poured into the old forms; the forms were partially Christianized by the process, and the life was partially paganized by the forms. This principle Sabatier himself seems to us to recognize in the sentence: "Christian piety becomes [in Roman Catholicism] devotion, *i. e.*, a ritual and meritorious practice, as in the ancient cults. But we must not be unjust and attribute something to Catholicism that it condemns. It does not say that external practice is sufficient; the Church esteems it vain and even culpable unless accompanied by the affections and the will." This appears to us admirably to indicate the position which Romanism, as a development, but an imperfect development, occupies. Paganism is indifferent to morality, and regards the external ritual alone essential. Christianity—the Christianity of Jesus Christ and of Paul—regards the external rite with indifference, and cares only to establish the filial and the fraternal relation. Romanism insists on both the rite and the life. Protestant Christianity, to continue our report of Sabatier, is not a new cult, a new dogma, a new rite; he who so apprehends it wholly misapprehends it. It is a reaffirmation that the filial relation is the all-essential and the only essential, since out of that must necessarily spring, also, the fraternal relation. Protestantism "is not a dogma set up in the face of another dogma, a Church in competition with a rival Church, a purified Catholicism opposed to a traditional Catholicism. It is more and better than a doctrine, it is a method; more and better than a better Church, it is a new form of piety; it is a different spirit, creating a new world and inaugurating for religious souls a new régime." This is an admirable statement of Protestantism idealized. And from this ideal Sabatier rightly concludes that Protestantism can have no permanent forms—neither of ritual nor dogma. "Always interior, invisible, ideal, the religious principle that it represents accompanies the life and activity of the spirit into all the paths that man may pursue and in all the progress that he may make." But it appears to us that Sabatier is, though quite unconsciously, unjust to Romanism, in thus comparing Romanism as it actually exists with Protestantism as he idealizes it. In setting bounds which religious development must not pass, and in undertaking to express itself in formularies which cannot be changed, Protestantism is inconsistent with itself. Traditionalism, which is consistent and in place in the Church of Rome, is incongruous and out of place in any Protestant Church. If Protestantism is to be idealized, Rome should be idealized also; in which case Protestantism would represent illimitable development springing from the heart of a Christian democracy—that is, of a people *all* of whom are in direct filial relation with the Father-God, and receive illumination and guidance directly from him; Romanism would represent a limited and cautious development under the control of a Christian hierarchy—that is, of an ecclesiastical autocracy which stands, or is believed to stand, in direct filial relation with God.

It is not necessary for us to follow Sabatier further into his third division, "Dogma and its Nature." That dogma is necessary, because it is the expression of life, and that it is necessarily unstable because the life is ever changing, follow, of course, from his positions as already reported. The soul lives; therefore it must express its life. It lives in communities; therefore it must formulate common expressions of its life. These common expressions of a common experience, when emotional, are hymns; when intellectual, are dogmas. And in each case they must change with changes of language and of life.

It has seemed to us, on the whole, that we could do our readers a better service by reporting this book than by criticising it. Those who, with us, welcome the "newer thinking" as an advance on the old will welcome this volume as a valuable contribution to that broad, catholic, and liberal theology which has for its teachers such men as Erskine, Maurice, Robertson, Bushnell, Brooks, and Beecher. Those who identify the Christian faith with the old expressions of it in theology will regard this volume as a most dangerous one, just because its style is so clear and its spirit so devout.

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Books and Authors

President Eliot on Educational Reform[1]

The literature of education is rapidly becoming worthy of its subject. The dull, jejune, homiletic treatises of former days have now given way to scholarly, virile, and practical discussions of this great phase of human interest and activity. Americans may well be proud of the fact that the writings of their countrymen are just now the most effective contributions to clearness of educational thought and to improvement of educational practice.

In the forefront of students and administrators of education stands the dignified and courageous figure of the President of our oldest university. For nearly thirty years he has sounded the bugle-call for the army of educational progress, and under his leadership that army has made conquests that have mightily promoted the efficiency, the culture, and the civilization of our people. President Eliot is probably the most potent personal force that has ever affected American education. Horace Mann aroused the sleeping conscience and intelligence of New England, and called it to the search for its duty as to public education; but President Eliot has not only led Harvard University to the point where it has become one of the most efficient educational institutions in the world, but he has pointed the way to the recasting of all elementary, secondary, and collegiate education, to the end that waste may be averted, individual capacity discovered and developed, and the standard of the Nation's intelligence elevated to a higher plane. All this is abundantly testified to by the volume of essays and addresses from his pen that has just been published. Their distinguishing characteristics are candor, knowledge, forcefulness, and, when necessary, combativeness. They touch education at every point. They never fail in clearness, in definiteness, or in broad sympathy both for studies and for men.

The first paper of the volume is Dr. Eliot's inaugural address as President of Harvard College. It was delivered twenty-nine years ago; yet it foreshadows with unerring accuracy the development of the writer's subsequent thought. It definitely turns aside from the weary debates, centuries long, as to the relative importance of various subjects of study, and sharply directs attention to the defective methods of organizing and imparting instruction. "The practice of England and America is literally centuries behind the precepts of the best thinkers upon education." That sentence may almost be said to be the text of the papers that follow.

Since, in the long run, the efficiency of all schools depends upon the standards set by the highest, it is to the regeneration of colleges and universities that Dr. Eliot turns first. What is a liberal education? Are the colleges now giving a liberal education? These were among the earliest questions that Dr. Eliot undertook to answer. His reply to the first question is, substantially, that a liberal education is not something fixed and definite in content, but rather something that expands with the progress of knowledge and the movement of civilization. A liberal education, therefore, must be defined in other terms than those of the old and fixed courses of study. It must be broad, catholic, generous; no human interest may be a stranger to it. Otherwise the higher education itself is in danger. "Liberal education is not safe and strong in a country in which the great majority of the men who belong to the intellectual professions are not liberally educated. Now, that is just the case in this country. The great majority of the men who are engaged in the practice of law and medicine, in journalism, in public service and the scientific professions, and in industrial leadership, are not bachelors of arts. . . . This sorry condition of things is doubtless due in part to what may be called the pioneer condition of American society; but I think it is also due to the antiquated state of the common college curriculum, and of the course of preparatory study at school. When institutions of learning cut themselves off from the sympathy and support of large numbers of men whose lines are intellectual, by refusing to recognize as liberal arts and disciplinary studies languages, literatures, and sciences which seem to these men as important as any which the institutions cultivate, they

[1] *Educational Reform: Essays and Addresses.* By Charles William Eliot, LL.D., President of Harvard University. The Century Company, New York. $2.

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inflict a gratuitous injury both on themselves and on the country which they should serve."

It follows, therefore, of necessity that there must be liberty in education; that liberty is only to be had through the much misunderstood and misrepresented, but highly desirable, system of elective studies. The elective system, as Dr. Eliot points out, had been developing at Harvard since 1825; but he himself has contributed most largely to its organization on a sound basis and to its extension. How it has developed efficiency, increased interest, and raised the standard of scholarship in colleges and universities is common knowledge. It has gone everywhere, and, having already begun to lift the secondary schools, the upper grades of the elementary school will next feel its stimulating influence.

The principle of liberty in education, which Dr. Eliot so impressively presents, is as effective in promoting individual responsibility and the growth of character as in raising the standards of scholarship. Wherever it goes in the schools, it creates activity and interest, stirs the dry bones of routine and tradition, and supplies a new stimulus to good teaching. The principle is as humane as it is wise, and it is to our lasting credit as Americans that to-day we are applying it more widely and more rationally than any other people. Dr. Eliot suggests, as an excuse for the repetition that occasionally crops out in his essays, the consideration that, while it is easy to discern educational improvements, it is hard to get them carried out in practice. The non-elasticity and non-adaptability of the pedagogue are proverbial, but nevertheless the cause for which Dr. Eliot stands is a triumphant one, and he is, happily, living to see the widespread adoption of the reforms he has proposed.

Public-school teachers know Dr. Eliot best through his papers read at Washington in 1888—"Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?"—and before the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association in 1890 and 1893 on the improvement of the grammar schools. At the time they were first delivered the conclusions of these very wise and powerful addresses were stoutly resisted; but the very persons who resisted them most stoutly went back home and entered at once upon the practical application of their teachings. In progressive school systems, particularly in the West, those teachings are now almost axiomatic.

Limitations of space forbid us to enter at length upon the discussion of the many interesting topics which the reading of President Eliot's volume suggests. The noble paper on "The Function of Education in Democratic Society," which concludes the volume, and with which readers of The Outlook are already familiar,[1] breathes the spirit of sanity, of helpfulness, of human sympathy, of high patriotism, and of deep insight that pervades the entire series of essays. An influence such as this, working in large part silently among our people for a full generation, is a part of the permanent educational endowment of the Nation.

Books of the Week

[Most of the books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending October 14. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

A new edition of Mr. Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, with an introduction by Sylvester Baxter, follows close upon the death of its earnest author. Few modern books have been so widely read, and few have opened the eyes of so many people to the defects of the present industrial system. The new form of the book is in every way attractive and tasteful.——*The Blindman's World and Other Stories* is another volume in the same attractive edition. It has an appreciative introduction by Mr. Howells, and will attract new attention to some very vivid and interesting tales. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Maurice Thompson is on his own ground in the volume *Stories of the Cherokee Hills*, and on his own ground Mr. Thompson writes with genuine humor and picturesque power. "Ben and Judas," for instance, is a story of captivating quality, so simple are the materials of which it is compounded, so admirable is the art with which the mingling of the elements is concealed. There are seven stories in the volume, and they are full of Southern humor, sentiment, and character-study. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

No American has expressed more vigorously than Frederic Remington the spirit and life of that part of the Far West which belongs to the Indian, the cowboy, and the "greaser." His latest volume gives us fur-

[1] See The Outlook, November 6, 1897.

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ther illustration of his power to transfix and depict these people, both with the pen and the pencil. The Texas Ranger lives in these vigorous and stirring pages. Mr. Remington's art as a writer is not perfect, but it has the saving quality of vitality; he always knows what he wants to do, and he does it energetically, and with a certain directness which is in itself a great gift. There are ten stories, or sketches, in this volume, *Crooked Trails*, which is a small quarto, well illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Outlook has already commented upon Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A translation of this brilliant play, by Miss Gertrude Hall, has now been brought out in a small and attractive volume by the Doubleday & McClure Company (New York), who announce that they propose to pay a copyright to the author, although the play is not protected in this country.

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl has turned his knowledge of La Fontaine to good advantage in his very taking *Fables for the Frivolous*. These fables are modern adaptations of fables which appear in La Fontaine, but which have belonged to generations before him. Mr. Carryl has no very serious aim, and uses nonsense-phrases with great freedom and ease; but he manages to suggest some very admirable lessons of experience and life. He turns a rhyme with the utmost deftness, and many of his rhymes are so good that they inspire one with faith in his luck as well as in his versatility. The fables are very handsomely dressed out by the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers (New York).

The veteran novelist, Mr. William Black, tells another picturesque story of Scottish life in *Wild Eelin*. The familiar but always impressive background of Scottish scenery appears in this story, which is also well supplied with incident and adventure. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Henry James has written nothing more characteristic in method and style than "The Turn of the Screw," the first of the two stories which make up his latest volume, *The Two Magics*. This story concerns itself with the problem of evil, from which men of Puritan ancestry seem never able entirely to detach themselves. It is a ghost story, psychologically conceived, and illustrating a profound moral law. It is, in fact, an account of the possession of two children by two evil spirits. This statement seems very bald, and will remind the reader of the ordinary clumsy, materialistic ghost story. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. James's tale has nothing in common with the ordinary ghost story; it is altogether on a higher plane both of conception and art. The story itself is distinctly repulsive. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, *The Californians*, is a story whose brilliance and interest are marred occasionally by coarse passages and by hasty generalizations which suggest the author's distorted view of life. When she avers, for example, that spiritual help is the one thing which man has never given to woman, she proclaims herself an incompetent or prejudiced observer of society. The story, which deals with California life, especially with some of its phases resulting from Spanish settlement, is well told and full of local coloring. The characters of Helena Belmont and Magdalena Yorba are clearly drawn and consistently developed throughout, especially the character of the latter. The love of these two girls, utterly different in temperament, for the same man, whose satiety of fashionable life and its dissipations begets a return to simpler tastes and purer affections, is the theme of the story. In so far as it is didactic—and it is hardly possible to write a novel which is not more or less didactic—this book cannot be said to inculcate the best and truest views of life. (John Lane: The Bodley Head, New York.)

The career of the beautiful Misses Gunning, whose advent in London society a century and a half ago ruffled half the mothers of the English aristocracy, is a rich theme for historical romance, largely on account of the variety of notable characters and incidents which lend themselves to the narrative. Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, in *The Fatal Gift*, traces the lives of these noted beauties during a part of their residence in Ireland, and from their arrival in England to the date of their marriage. In doing so he throws many interesting side-lights upon the English and Irish society of that time. (Dodd, Mead & Co, New York.)

The Lost Provinces, by Louis Tracy, is one of the numerous progeny of "The Battle of Dorking," and tells of a great coming war between France and Germany, in which the inventive genius and the direction of an American millionaire, Vansittart, give complete success to the French, who vanquish the German Emperor and recover Alsace

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and Lorraine. Vansittart's auto-motor cars mounted with machine guns are engines of war which even German science and organization could not match. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror, by Bernard Capes, recounts an experience natural to a bold young man in that sanguinary and confused epoch. The Comte's adventures are too numerous and disconnected to attempt any detailed characterization of them. There is nothing in the book which throws new light on the social and political features of the Terror. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——The same firm publishes *The Title-Mongers*, by William Farquhar Payson, a lively and cleverly written story satirizing the society which sanctions the marriage of money with a title, and delineating in a masterly manner the saving shame which compels a man of honor to discard the carefully formed project of such a marriage.——The old yet inspiring story of success in attaining high position in the political world is well told by Mr. John A. Steuart in *A Minister of State* (same publishers), which recounts the early privations and subsequent intellectual triumphs of Evan Kinloch, who becomes the Solicitor-General for Great Britain.

The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood, by Lilian Bell, might suggest to the uninitiated a special line of research in the field of anthropology were it not declared to be the name of the opening one in a collection of brightly written tales. Three or four of these are character sketches among the whites of the South, while others, such as "The Heart of Brier Rose," are Western stories of ingenious construction and quaint humor. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A writer takes no ordinary responsibility in making a dog the chief character in his book, yet this has apparently been done successfully by Alfred Ollivant, whose *Bob, Son of Battle*, is a lively account of life in that part of the British north country devoted to sheep-raising. The sheep-dogs of those districts, if like those whose achievements (that seems to be the proper word) are set forth in this lively tale, must be a wonderful breed. The book is a story of canine pedigree and championship honors, and the human characters of the narrative are quite subsidiary. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

The reason why *One of the Pilgrims*, by Anna Fuller, is called "a bank story" is that some of the characters delineated have relations with a savings-bank—one as a clerk, another as a depositor of trust funds, and a third as janitor. The thread of a quiet but interesting love story runs through the narrative. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

ESSAYS AND LITERATURE

The Fleming H. Revell Company (New York) have wisely reprinted, in a fresh, attractive way, with decorative borders, the Rev. Hugh Black's *Chapters on Friendship*. Mr. Black, who is the associate of Dr. White at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, is probably the most popular preacher in Scotland, and is a man of great spiritual earnestness, simplicity of nature, and very fine intellectual quality. This volume, which is tender and winning, and at the same time vigorous and incisive, shows the fine grain of the man's nature. The subject is an old one; the treatment is fresh, vivacious, and genuinely religious.

Professor R. Carpenter, of Columbia University, has prepared and published, through the Macmillan Company (New York), a volume of selections from *American Prose*, on the general plan so successfully worked out in Mr. Ward's "English Poets." That is to say, extracts of reasonable length from the work of the American prose writers are presented, with a critical essay and a brief biographical sketch. The result is something more than a conspectus of the best-known prose; it is a demonstration, from our own literature, of the evolution of literary style, and a history of the literary movement in this country. The book has its use, therefore, alike for the general reader and for the student. It brings to both, within a very moderate compass, not only illustration of American prose, but a body of thoroughly competent and discriminating criticism. Among the well-known American writers who have contributed critiques to this volume are Professor Trent, Professor Munroe Smith, Barrett Wendell, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Colonel Higginson, Brander Matthews, Professor Richardson, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor L. E. Gates, Mr. Howells, and John Fiske. The editorial work (and in such a case that is practically the entire work) is thoroughly well done; and it is safe to predict that the volume will take its place among the small group of standard text-books.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) have completed, by the publication of the eighth volume, the new edition of *The*

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Spectator, which has been given, in binding and typography, the appearance of the earlier editions. These volumes are compact, comfortable to the hand, and well made. The only criticism to be passed upon them is that the type is rather trying to the eye, if it is read for any length of time; but that defect is minimized in the case of "The Spectator," which one reads slowly, and usually in small sections; it is to be feared that many readers do not read it at all.

Jerome K. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* shows a deeper insight and broader knowledge of social topics than marked his "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." The keen wit and humorous banter have gained in their range and accuracy of play, and genially, even though sometimes mockingly, defend sound ideas and just views of life. The titles of some of Mr. Jerome's chapters will, to those who have read him before, hint amusingly of the subject matter, and anticipate his method of approach. Take such as these: "On the Exceptional Merit of Things We Meant to Do," "On the Care and Management of Women," "On the Minding of Other People's Business," "On the Time Wasted in Looking Before One Leaps." Mr. Jerome is master of the art of apparently talking round a point while really talking straight at it or through it, but the reader is never misled by the indirectness. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden is the diary of a lady whose delight in the beauties of nature inspires a profusion of delicate and sympathetic observations on garden flowers and shrubs and their cultivation. The diary covers a year, each change of season bringing its own delights, which are quickly perceived and lovingly recorded. Her gratitude for the beauties of nature finds this expression: "It makes one very humble to see one's self surrounded by such a wealth of beauty and perfection anonymously lavished, and to think of the infinite meanness of our own grudging charities. I do sincerely trust that the benediction that is always awaiting me in my garden may by degrees be more deserved, and that I may grow in grace and patience and cheerfulness, just like the happy flowers I so much love." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Scribners have issued, in a new and cheaper form, J. A. Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, in two substantial, well-made volumes, not too heavy to the hand. The fact that this work has entered upon its third edition is a sufficient evidence of its attractiveness to readers.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton once told the story of a reformed pirate who exchanged a career of blood and plunder for one of knitting tidies. In his *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast* Mr. Stockton has to do with unreclaimed and irreclaimable pirates; with the real old-fashioned outlaw of the sea, who for so many years made his home in that group of islands which stretches away from the West Indies to South America. The loose and lawless association of freebooters, which once made all the southern seas perilous, existed for many years, and occasionally produced men of great vigor and ability as leaders. Occasionally it produced a pirate who had still some touches of human nature, and Mr. Stockton gives an account of one of these gentlemen in his chapter on "The Story of a High-minded Pirate." Most of these gentry, however, were brutal and vulgar outlaws, who harassed the commerce of different countries, scuttled ships, stole treasure, and made several coasts unsafe for many decades. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A popular biography of General Grant has long been wanted, and readers will not be disappointed who welcome Hamlin Garland's *Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character*, in hope that the military and political action of this great life will not be set forth with a prominence relatively obscuring to the human and personal element in Grant's nature. For it is well to remember that with him war and all its works were stern duties utterly alien to his natural inclination; a man of peace suddenly found military responsibility thrust upon him, and rapidly increased to the highest possible degree. Mr. Garland has not given undue importance to battles and political administration, but has made an attempt at characterization, relying as much upon the lesser though equally significant acts of the General's private life as upon the public deeds which claimed the world's attention. "It is not," to quote his own words, "everything that is understood by the word 'biography,' but it tells the story of Ulysses S. Grant from his birth to his death." The book is by no means a sustained eulogy; it notes the defects, personal and political, which impaired the efficiency of Grant's official terms, and to some extent lessened the effect of his example

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upon the American people. But, on the other hand, there is a clear emphasis of his abiding sincerity and love of truth, of the modesty and quick intelligence which helped each other in the just appraisement of the great honors which came to him, of his daring wisdom and intuitive mastery during the great crises of the war, of the immense determination which moved upon its objective with the relentless precision of a natural agent. The readers of this book will be impressed by the fact that its hero, habituated though he was to military triumphs of the most dazzling kind, looked upon the war feeling as defensible only in the light of inexorable duty. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

While Spanish politics are necessarily a part of our daily news there ought to be considerable interest in *The Spanish Revolution*, a history by Edward Henry Strobel, late Secretary of the United States Legation and Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid. The period covered is 1868–1875, comprising the fall of Isabella, followed by the Provisional Government, the Serrano Regency, and the stormy and humiliating search for a King, until Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, brother of the King of Italy, was induced to become the experimental head of an elective monarchy. Then, after his abdication, came the Republican dictatorship and the restoration of Alfonso XII., whose death began the present regency. Reading of the shifting, stormy scenes of the recent past in Spanish political life inevitably suggests the present uncertainty and compels doubt as to a continuance of the existing status. The conclusion which stands out most clearly from this narrative is the almost incurable blindness of a populace always clamorous for liberty or willing to espouse the cause of a champion, yet unable to understand and act according to the principles of the one, and fatally misled into unsafe paths by the other. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

The lack of an adequate story of the life of John Hancock has been at least provisionally met by the publication of *John Hancock, His Book*, by Abram English Brown. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) The author started with the intention of writing upon the mercantile life of the patriot, but gained access to his letter-book, in which a valuable statement of his views upon the social and political questions of that exciting time was found. These letters cover an important but neglected decade, that extending from the period of the revenue acts to the beginning of the Revolution. The patriot's views upon the issues then agitating the minds of his countrymen were of the stern, uncompromising character exemplified in his public life.

The Story of America, by Hezekiah Butterworth, is popularly written, profusely illustrated, and typographically attractive. The edition of 1881 has been revised and brought down to the present year, the editor adding a review of recent events as well as chapters on the success of arbitration, the colonial policy of Spain in Cuba, and the early episodes of the Cuban war of liberation. The illustrations are a strong feature of the book, and the style is clear and terse. (The Werner Company, Akron, Ohio.)

John Adams, the Statesman of the American Revolution, with other Essays and Addresses, Historical and Literary, by Mellen Chamberlain, LL.D., is of special interest to the students of American history. Traditional and popular views have in various particulars been recast by modern study. To Judge Chamberlain belongs the merit of obtaining recognition for the influence which ecclesiastical motives had in bringing on the Revolution. These had operated in Massachusetts from its beginning, but they finally began to operate also in Virginia. These two colonies, in the van of the revolutionary movement, although disliking each other, "came together on the ground of hostility to Anglicanism." The essay on John Adams, which forms one-fifth of the volume, makes ample amends for the popular undervaluation of the man. Jefferson drafted the Declaration, but Adams was the father of the Constitution. Samuel Adams was the politician, but John Adams was the statesman, of the National movement. More than any other man, says Judge Chamberlain, he gathered, inspired, and led the National party, and more permanently than any other American has impressed our political institutions. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

Some able and interesting papers on political and legal subjects, by Dr. Simeon E. Baldwin, President of the American Social Science Association, are published under the title of *Modern Political Institutions*. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) Some of these subjects had been discussed in previous years by Dr. Baldwin in articles and public

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addresses. The author recognizes and enumerates certain political and legal principles which the most highly civilized nations of Europe and America regard as having been established in the nineteenth century—not before, although the seed-truths had taken root centuries previous to their fruition in national life. He holds, in fact, that new principles of legislation or jurisprudence cannot assume an institutional character until the generation by which they have been adopted has passed away. The book contains thirteen chapters, each dealing with an institution of vital importance, which, though sometimes considered chiefly historically, is always revealed in its present place and perspective among political forces. The chapters on "The Centenary of Modern Government," "Absolute Power an American Institution," "Freedom of Incorporation," "American Jurisprudence," "The Decadence of the Legal Fiction," and "The Monroe Doctrine in 1898," will give an idea of the variety and weight of the topics discussed.

In 1896 The Macmillan Company issued a book entitled "Rich and Poor," by Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. All readers, whether they agreed with the writer's conclusions or not, must have been impressed by her fair-mindedness, her thorough knowledge of the conditions governing the lives of the poor, and the inevitable results of those conditions on the minds of the poor. The same house has just issued another volume, dealing with the social and economic relations of the poor man's family, by Mrs. Bosanquet, entitled *The Standard of Life*. In this book the author endeavors to prove, and does prove, the importance of the standard of life as the basis of economic and social progress. The expenditures of the agricultural laborer and the relation to his income; the result of food on the working powers of the laborer; the effect of privation—that is, the absence of pleasure, except in its lowest forms, on the mental and moral nature of the laborer—are known to this writer, who has studied them under many conditions, and contrasts them and their character-effects. The author accepts the fact that, except the lowest residuum, every man has a standard of life in morals, comfort, environment. He struggles to attain and maintain this standard, and this is his measure of progress. Every page of both of these books is interesting and educational. The writer never forgets for a moment the important fact that in all sociological investigation of human nature environment is a factor almost dominant in the formation of character. It is this broad conception and unprejudiced investigation that gives Mrs. Bosanquet's books their value to the student and worker among the poor.

VERSE

A volume of California verse, entitled *By the Western Sea*, by Marshall Ilsley, shows considerable variety of theme, but unequal powers of versification. It is hardly fair to call it California verse at all, for little of it is purely descriptive, and there is a dearth of local color compared with the rich sources of supply accessible to the author. A few of the sonnets and shorter pieces show some poetic thought as well as ease and correctness of versification, but we are compelled to deny this praise to much of the remainder of the volume. (Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.)

RELIGION

The author of *The Jewish Year*, Alice Lucas, states in her preface that the purpose of the book is to make a collection of hymns and other devotional poems for the use of English Jews. This collection contains selections from the mediæval Hebrew poets translated by the author of "The Jewish Year," who has included the poems published in "Songs of Zion." In addition there are paraphrases of Psalms, and a few Talmud legends versified. The hymns are arranged for the Sabbaths of the year and special days observed by the Jews. The purpose of the book is purely devotional. Every poem presents a thought of God for his people, or the aspiration of God's people for a fuller knowledge of God. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Biblical Apocalyptics, "A Study of the most Notable Revelations of God and of Christ in the Canonical Scriptures," is a sane and wholesome exposition of those facts of the Bible which are most liable to be misunderstood. The author, the Rev. Milton S. Terry, D.D., Professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute, follows the historical method of interpretation, which modifies many current notions, while conserving the substance of fundamental truths. He denies that the days of Genesis can be identified with the æons of geology, or the trumpets of the Apocalypse with definite events. He is at peace with the critics, and holds that no essential element

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of divine revelation is compromised by accepting their theory of the late origin of the book of Daniel. He regards the Apocalypse of John as "but an enlargement of our Lord's eschatological sermon on the Mount of Olives." The latter he regards as "a sublime symbolic picture of the crisis of ages in transition from the Old Testament dispensation to the Christian era." Then began the period of the coming and presence of Christ in his spiritual kingdom. The judgment scene in Matthew xxv., 31–46, refers to no single event, no great assize at the end of the world, but is a "parabolic picture of the age-long administration of Jesus Christ." In the wide connotation which Dr. Terry gives to "Apocalyptics" he includes even matters like the tabernacle in the wilderness and the overthrow of Jericho, and goes into fine points of symbolism where we cannot follow him. In the main, however, we regard his treatment of the more important matters as a salutary corrective of much illusion and error. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

THE HOUSEHOLD

A collection of children's songs from many sources has been published under the title of *Childhood Songs*. The editors, Mira and Mabel Rowland, state that their purpose has been to make a book for primary Sunday-school classes and home use. It is a pity that the publishers, the American Tract Society, had not made a more attractive book by using better paper and larger type. The cover design, if in different colors, would be very pretty.

Several books have been added to the "Ladies' Home Journal" Library. (Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.) *The Business Girl*, by Ruth Ashmore, is a series of familiar talks addressed to girls who are wage-earners. Every contingency and condition under which a girl must work is discussed, except factory conditions. There are words of sound advice in this little book.—— *Home Games and Parties*, by Mrs. Hamilton Mott, is a useful little volume containing the directions for a number of attractive home games, especially for little children. A chapter on "Light Refreshments" is added by Mrs. Rorer, making the book that much more complete.——*Model Houses for Little Money*, by William G. Price, is a suggestive series of plans for houses that range in cost from $1,000 to $3,500. There is a supplementary chapter on Remodeling of Front Doors and of Windows, by Frank S. Guild. Many of the suggestions for doors are most inhospitable. They suggest doors of cells in prisons and insane asylums. The suggestions for windows are much more artistic.—— *Inside a Hundred Homes*, by William Martin Johnson, is full of suggestions for interiors, as well as for furnishing. The author has reproduced by photographs a hundred interiors of houses in different parts of the country.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The collection of essays entitled *Young People's Problems*, by J. R. Miller (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is, as its name indicates, a series of talks on every-day home, social, and religious problems, treated in a semi-ethical, semi-religious manner. For young people in homes where there is but little exchange of confidence between parents and children this book will be a help that is needed.

The second series of *Stories of the American Revolution*, by Everett T. Tomlinson, are the result of careful research of the records of Revolutionary times, and are historically correct. Such stories increase a child's love of history, and by their vividness make these far-away days live again in the child's mind. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) Mr. Tomlinson has also written *Ward Hill—The Senior*. This is a strong boy's story, and presents a manly view of life to the boy readers. (A. J. Rowland, Philadelphia)

Two stories for children eight years old, and perhaps six, are published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York)—*Dorothy Dot*, by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow, and *Poor Sallie and Her Christmas*, by Mary D. Brine. The first is the story of Dorothy Dot's year's visit at her grandfather's, a delightful place for a delightful little girl. The second is a collection of seven short stories by an always charming writer of stories for children.

Chums at Last, by A. Forsyth Grant, is a story for boys. The author is fond of field sports, and knows how to write about them. The heroes are school-boys of the many types a large school produces. There is a serious defect in the book. The boys use as substitutes for profanity ejaculations which are as senseless as is profanity.—— *The Green Toby Jug* is a bright, taking story for little folks of about eight, by Mrs. Edwin Hohler. ——*The Pirate's Gold*, by Gordon Stables,

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is an exciting story of an attempt to recover a pirate's hidden treasure. These three books are published by Thomas Nelson & Sons (New York).

A quite charming story for little girls of ten or thereabouts is *Dorothy Deane*, by Ellen Olney Kirk. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) It is a wholesome story with happy chronicles of the every-day life of a group of little friends.

The story of *A Little Girl in Old Boston*, by Amanda M. Douglas (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is told in the language of the latter part of the nineteenth century. While the purpose is to give a graphic picture of home and school life just after the Revolution, the story element is predominant.

The title *Stories from Lowly Life* is misleading. The book is a delightful succession of stories of pet animals, by C. M. Duppa. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) These pets became members of the family, and the stories about them make the readers wish it had been their good fortune to be members of the same family. It is a pleasure to indorse warmly this book, every page of which gives lessons of loving-kindness, unselfishness, and good manners.——The same house publishes a beautifully illustrated paper edition of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. The pictures by Hugh Thomson are vivid, and tell the story as fully as the text.

The charm of the *Further Doings of the Three Bold Babes*, by S. Rosamond Praeger, is that they bring back to the adult that lost childhood for which he mourns, by the magic touch of their imagination. They revive the faith of childhood in the unvarying love of birds and beasts for little children. As a reward, "The Three Bold Babes" should never grow up, but live always in that enchanted land, with the dragon for their friend and champion. This is the least reward that could be given them for their brave doings. The picture-story, so graphically told, makes reading unnecessary; the babies soon learn the legends under each illustration. This makes it the babies' own book. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has made her annual contribution to the Witch Winnie series. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This addition is entitled *Witch Winnie in Spain*. These energetic American girls, Winnie and Tib, have met with the usual fate of attractive girls; they loved and were loved. This part of the story is subordinated to the art interests of the girls, who prolong the lovers' agonies by a sudden trip to Spain begun just before the blowing up of the Maine. The Spanish dislike and suspicion of Americans play a part in the story; the tragedy is averted in the last chapter.

A departure has been made by the author of the Elsie Books, Martha Finley, in *Twiddledetwit*, a fairy story. The wicked fairy, who steals a mortal baby to regain her place in fairyland, is the heroine. The baby and everybody else are finally made happy, and the fairy regains her place. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Six Young Hunters, by W. Gordon Parker, recounts the sports, adventures, and perils of a company of Eastern boys who spend their summer vacation on a ranch in the Indian Territory, where they unexpectedly find themselves in the proximity of a body of outlaws. It is a healthy, stirring book. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

A fine portrayal of athletic life for boys is *The Lakerim Athletic Club*, by Rupert Hughes. (The Century Company, New York.) The lively characters and joyous tumult of the story keep the idea of athletic instruction apparently in the background while really promoting it. The sports covered are baseball, rowing, football, hockey, bicycling, and field and track contests. There are twenty-five illustrations.

A good story of the Revolution is always welcome, especially when Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson tells it. In *The Boys of Old Monmouth* the author has traced the movements of opposing armies in the famous campaign in old Monmouth, N. J., in 1778, interweaving incidents and adventures taken from early records and family traditions. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Treasure Divers, by Charles Frederick Holder, adds another to the rapidly increasing number of tales resting upon the imagined powers of science. This is an attempt to picture life under the sea as it is now understood by the aid of the deep-sea dredging of the British ship Challenger, and other ships. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. E. Everett-Green has written a stirring story of English life entitled *Tom Tufton's Toll*. The time is nearly two centuries ago, and the object of the book is to show the severity yet lax administration of the criminal law which at that time made as many outlaws as it brought to justice. Tom Tufton became one, though by nature a noble fellow, and his

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adventures and hairbreadth escapes seem to bring out his better qualities instead of leading him deeper into iniquity. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.) This firm also publishes a capital story of school life, which is receiving a great deal of attention both from writers of fiction and men of science. The title of the story is *The Triple Alliance*, by Harold Avery.

After having written several military stories of the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Warren Lee Goss varies his theme by giving boys a capital naval story, *In the Navy; or, Father Against Son*. This is fully as good a story as its predecessors, which is saying a good deal. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.)

Lost in Nicaragua, by Hezekiah Butterworth, uses an exciting story of forest adventure as a decoy to the more serious work of inculcating upon our patriotic youth the duty of building the Nicaragua Canal. If the boys get a good story with some political information thrown in, so much the better; but attempts of this kind usually mar the art of story-telling. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

——In *A Soldier of the Legion*, by Charles Ledyard Norton (same publishers), there is an interesting picture of American pioneer life and adventure in a historic setting. The time is the latter half of last century, and of the two boys who are the chief characters one afterwards becomes President of the United States.

ORATORY

Professor R. C. Ringwalt's *Modern American Oratory* aims to present, in a concise way, the general principles underlying the theory of oratory, and illustrates these principles by the publication entire of seven representative orations by American speakers. These orations are typical of the different kinds of oratory, and are the most representative expressions of the style and genius of the speakers. Professor Ringwalt's own contribution to the book (which fills ninety pages) is a clear and orderly exposition of the theory of the oration, characterizing its various functions and the different qualities which it must possess in order to secure adaptation to specific occasions and ends. This general discussion is helpful in style, and sufficiently untechnical to be of use to the student who has not had the opportunity of studying oratory from the academic side. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending October 21

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
Pattison, T. Harwood. The Making of the Sermon. $1.50.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK
Adams, W. I. Lincoln. In Nature's Image. Illustrated. $2.50.

CURTS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI
Whittaker, James T. Exiled for Lèse Majesté.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Kobbé, Gustav. Miriam. Illustrated by M. J. Burns. 50 cts.
Leonard, Mary F. The Big Front Door. $1.25.

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., FRANKLIN, O.
Heath, Gertrude E. Rhymes and Jingles. 75 cts.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK
The Casino Girl in London. By Herself. Edited by Curtis Dunham. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
De Quincey, Thomas. Revolt of the Tartars. Edited by William E. Simonds.
Burns, Robert. Selections from Poems. Edited by John G. Dow.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Blackie, William. How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So. $1.75.
Crockett, S. R. The Red Axe. Illustrated by Frank Richards. $1.50.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. The History of Henry Esmond and The Lectures. Vol. VII. (Biographical Edition.) $1.75.
Merriman, Henry Seton. Roden's Corner. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. $1.75.
Harper's Round Table for 1898. $2.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Darwin, George Howard. The Tides. $2.
Torrey, Bradford. A World of Green Hills. $1.25.
Loughead, Flora Haines. The Black Curtain. $1.50.
M. E. The Story of Little Jane and Me. $1.
Parker, Gilbert. The Battle of the Strong. $1.50.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON
Austin, Arthur E., and Isador H. Coriat. A Laboratory Manual of Physiological and Clinical Chemistry and Toxicology. $1.25.
Muirhead, James Fullarton. The Land of Contrasts. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Hall, Francis J., D.D. The Kenotic Theory. $1.50.
Upton, Florence K. and Bertha. The Colliwogg at the Sea-Side. $2.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Harold, Frederic. The Deserter and Other Stories.
Alden, G. R., Mrs. ("Pansy"). As in a Mirror. $1.50.
Magruder, Julia. Labor of Love. 50 cts.
Brooks, Elbridge S. The True Story of Benjamin Franklin. $1.50.
Sidney, Margaret. A Little Maid of Concord Town. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Cowper, Frank. The Island of the English. $1.50.
Molesworth, Mrs. The Magic Nuts. $1.25.
Watson, John, LL.D. An Outline of Philosophy. $2.25.
Lawton, W. C. The Successors of Homer. $1.50.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Poetry for Children. Illustrated. $1.
Freytag, Gustav. Die Verlorene Handschrift. Notes by Katherine M. Hewett. 60 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Rose, George B. Renaissance Masters. $1.
Ragozin, Zenaïde A. Siegfried and Beowulf. Illustrated by George T. Tobin. $1.50.
Ottolengui, R. Final Proof. $1.
Adams, W. Marsham. The Book of the Master. $1.25.
Romero, Matias. Mexico and the United States. Vol. I. $4.50.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK
Campbell, Walter D. Beyond the Border.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. The Hollow Tree. Illustrated by J. M. Condé.
Kemble. Comical Coons.
Nursery Tales. Ready-Cut Series of Story Pictures.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Baring-Gould, S. Domitia. Illustrated by Izora C. Chandler. $1.50.
Maynard, Cora. The Letter and the Spirit. $1.25.
Simmons, Henry Bradford. The Jingle-Jangle Rhyme-Book. $1.50.
Humphrey, Maud, and Tucker, Elizabeth S. Baby Folk. $1.25.
Jacobs, W. W. More Cargoes. $1.

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON
Wood, Ella N. Junior Topics Outlined. 50 cts.

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The Religious World

The Peace Cross

Among the picturesque events connected with the Episcopal Convention was the unveiling, last Sunday afternoon, of a great stone cross erected on Mount St. Alban, the future site of the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. From the height are visible the Capitol, the Library building, the Washington Monument, and, spread out below, the whole city of Washington. The cross, twenty feet high, was from the quarries of the Western Indians, and has been sculptured and placed in this commanding position, not only to mark the foundation of a cathedral, a central mission church free to all the people who come to Washington, and the first meeting of the General Convention in the capital city, but to commemorate the great events of the year 1898. Beside the Bishop of Washington, at the head of the long procession which issued from the little church near by, walked, bareheaded, William McKinley, who, as President of the United States, has borne the burden of the months of struggle whose conclusion is so happily marked by the erection of this Peace Cross. It was a sight to be remembered, as he stood amid the white-robed choir-boys listening reverently to the prayer for the President of the United States, said from the form in the Episcopal liturgy. Later on he made a brief address, expressing his pleasure at being able to attend the raising of this Cross of Peace and his sympathy with all that this emblem of the Prince of Peace suggested. A collect for peace and the prayer for the unity of God's people were offered. Addresses were made by Bishop Satterlee and Bishop Doane, and then the voices of the great throng joined with the many choirs in singing the oldest Christian hymn, whose opening words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace," were first sung above the plains of Bethlehem when the Prince of Peace was born. Then arose the tall form of Bishop Whipple, who uttered, beside the cross quarried by his Indians, the concluding prayers, a thanksgiving for victory, and the benediction. The cross bears the date, the arms of the diocese of Washington, and the inscription, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone;" on the other face, the sentence from the Litany, "That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord."

The Convention itself will close the present week, and an account of its final sessions, from our special correspondent, will be printed in the next issue.

A Meeting of Christian Indians

October is a month of conventions, but among them all no one has interested us more than the report of an Indian meeting which is held annually in South Dakota. It is composed of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches among the Dakota Indians. The leaders in church work gather in this annual convention to compare methods and receive inspiration. Among the subjects this year were: "What Indian Customs Hinder the Progress of Religion?" "The Relation of Education and Christianity;" "The Reason for the Falling Away from Religion of the Citizen Indians;" "The Sanitation of Dwelling-Houses;" "The Effect of a Single or Mixed Diet;" "When is War Justifiable?" The fact that such subjects are discussed in a convention numbering over one thousand Indians is evidence enough that these people are on the way toward a higher type of civilization.

"Love vs. the Bayonet"

In an article under this title "The Kingdom" (published in Minnesota comparatively near to the scene of the Pillager outbreak) asserts that this whole affair reflects but slight credit upon our Government officials, either upon those having the original trouble in hand or upon those in charge of the later expedition that went out "to overawe" the indignant Indians. "The Kingdom" says: "The affair is a dreadful one at best, but it is worthy of consideration apart from its connection with the loss of life. Does it not give new testimony as to the wicked and barbarous methods which this Nation has employed from the beginning in dealing with the Indians? Is it not time that there was a change in our methods? We believe that Bishop Whipple or Father Aloysius could have settled this Pillager difficulty in short order if they had been given an opportunity. But no; a show of force must be made;

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the hostile Indians must be 'overawed,' and as a result the flags of Minneapolis are at half-mast for six days, and the whole country for miles about Leech Lake is terrorized. General Bacon's expedition was a sad and stupid blunder, a blunder which has had so many precedents that it would seem as if we might have learned better by this time. Is not the word sent out by the intrenched Pillagers significant, 'that they would receive any who might wish to come and confer with them—except soldiers and marshals'? If John G. Paton, single-handed, could work that marvelous transformation in the bloodthirsty and cruel savages of the New Hebrides solely by the power of love, is there not moral character enough in all the Christian people of this country to deal with the feeble remnants of the aboriginal tribes on some other basis than that of brute force?"

Federation is Possible

One of the most significant and prophetic meetings of which we have read in many a day was the Broome-Tioga Interdenominational Convention which was held in the Methodist Episcopal church of Owego, N. Y., October 11–12. The movement was proposed in the Susquehanna Congregational Association last February; it was indorsed by the Binghamton District (Methodist Episcopal Church) about one month later; it was indorsed by the Broome-Tioga Baptist Association about two months later, and by the Owego District (Methodist Episcopal Church) also about two months later. In short, it was proposed in February of this year, and by about the middle of June the project had been indorsed as indicated. The rules provide "that every Christian church of whatever name within the counties of Broome and Tioga" may be represented by pastor and two delegates. The invitations were issued in the name of the Binghamton Presbytery, the Susquehanna Association (Congregational), the Broome-Tioga Baptist Association, the Binghamton and Owego Ministerial Association (Methodist Episcopal). About one hundred and fifty ministers and laymen attended. The following religious bodies were represented: Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Episcopalian, Universalist, and Salvationist. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Nichols, of Binghamton; an address was delivered by Dr. Josiah Strong, and vital subjects were ably discussed. Both addresses and conversation indicated a deep feeling that some steps toward federation and a more vital unity should be taken. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Interdenominational Convention of the churches of Broome and Tioga Counties, assembled in Owego, N. Y., expresses its conviction that the time has come when the planting of new churches should be regulated by the religious needs of the locality and not by a sectarian rivalry which means waste of time, strength, and money, and emphasizes church preference at the expense of Christian fellowship.

Resolved, That the Chairman be requested to appoint a committee of five, with himself as chairman, to take into consideration the question of co-operation in the planting of churches, to counsel with the representatives of the various denominations which constitute this Convention, and to report their conclusions at another convention similar to this, to be called within a year from this date.

The Cambridge Conferences

The work of the Cambridge Conferences, of which an extended account was given in The Outlook of August 7, 1897, will be continued for a third season, by the courtesy of Mrs. Ole Bull, in the Studio House, 168 Brattle Street, Cambridge, which is also the residence of the Director, Dr. Lewis G. Janes. The leading idea of the Conferences, as heretofore, will be to afford opportunity for the comparative study of Ethics, Philosophy, Sociology, and Religion. The following programme, somewhat more varied in scope than those of previous years, has been arranged for the Sunday Conferences, in co-operation with the University of Vermont:

November 6. Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., of Columbia University. "The Popular Instruction Most Necessary in a Democracy."

November 13. Mr. Thomas Davidson, author of "Education of the Greek People," etc. "The Task of the Twentieth Century."

November 20. Professor Lester F. Ward, LL.D., of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. "Nature and Nurture, or Heredity and Opportunity."

November 27. Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Somâj (Bombay, India). "Evolution of Religious Thought in India."

December 4. Professor Ira N. Hollis, of Harvard University. "The Influence of the Navy upon our Foreign Relations."

December 11. Dr. Lewis G. Janes, M.A., Director of the Conferences. "Social Ideals and Social Progress."

December 18. Virchand Raghâvji Gandhi, B.A., M.R.A.S., of Bombay, India. "The Political and Industrial Outlook in India."

January 1, 1899. Mrs. Benjamin J. Harnett, of New York (recently of India). "The Moslem in India."

January 8. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, LL.D.,

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United States Commissioner of Labor. "The Relation of Invention to Labor."

January 15. Professor Amos E. Dolbear, Ph.D., of Tufts College. "Electricity and Civilization."

January 22. Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, President of The Round Table, Syracuse, N. Y. "Measure is in All Things Best."

January 29. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D., President of the Free Religious Association.

February 5. Mr. Leo Wiener, Instructor in Russian, Harvard University. "Russian Democracy."

February 12. Professor Mary Whiton Calkins, of Wellesley College. "The Relation of Philosophy to Religion."

February 19. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House Social Settlement, Chicago. "The Taint of Institutionalism."

February 26. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Director of the Old South Historical Work. "The Study of History."

March 5. Mr. E. Charlton Black, of Cambridge. "Certain Aspects of the Modern Novel."

March 12. Professor Samuel S. Curry, Ph.D., of the Boston School of Expression. "Ethical Value of Art."

March 19. Rev. William Norman Guthrie, of Cincinnati, Ohio. "William Blake, Mystic, Poet, and Painter." (Illustrated.)

March 26. Professor William James, Ph.D., of Harvard University.

April 2. Frank Russell, Ph.D., of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge. "Religious Ideas of the Athabascan Indians."

April 9. Professor Crawford Howell Toy, LL.D., of Harvard University. "Religion of the Polynesian Peoples."

April 16. Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, D.D., of Boston. "Religious Symbolism and Myth-Making."

April 23. Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University. "Religious Life in Arabia Before Mohammed."

April 30. The Swâmi Abhedânanda, of India. "Religious Ideas in Ancient India."

A Great Gift for Drew Seminary

Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., of which the Rev. Henry A. Buttz, D.D., is the President, is rejoicing in the noble gift of $100,000 from two laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The names of the donors are for the present not made public. It is surmised, however, that the gift has come from two men who are Trustees of the Seminary. The object which this munificence is designed to accomplish is the erection of a new chapel and administration building. The plans for the building, it is said, are completed, and the work will begin as soon as practicable. Drew Seminary has more students than ever before in its history, and more than can easily be accommodated. The addition to the equipment which the generosity of these unknown friends so worthily provides was greatly needed, and will add much to the efficiency of the institution.

To Endow the Episcopate of South Dakota

We have before made mention of the proposed celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Hare's labors in South Dakota. His friends are anxious that the event should be observed in some enduring form. They have decided that the best memorial of the long and noble service of their Bishop is to worthily endow the Episcopate. In recommending this they urge that gifts for this object should be in addition to the usual offerings for other objects, and they urge that all who are interested in this cause should be encouraged to give according to their ability. The Treasurer of this fund is Mr. H. D. Walrath, Watertown, S. D.

A Lesson from the English Baptists

We have been looking over the programme of the autumnal meeting of the Baptist Union of Great Britain, with the result that one deep conviction has been impressed on our minds, viz., that the English way of holding denominational anniversaries is better than that common in some of the denominations in America. The Congregationalists here, for instance, have no less than three meetings in different parts of the country every year, and every three years the number is four. Home missions have their time, then come the foreign missions, then the work in the South, and every third year the National Council. The result is a division both in attendance and interest. The programme of the Baptist Union in England shows that meetings are to be held for five days. Of these, four meetings are of the Union. The other sessions are given to the Missionary Society, to the Total Abstinence Association, to the Tract and Book Society, and to the Missionaries' and Ministers' Prayer Union. In other words, the Anniversaries and the Union are combined, as they would be if the Congregationalists of this country were to combine the anniversaries of all the Societies with the National Council. The fact is, there are too many meetings for the good of the churches or the ministers. They are destroying the influence of one another. The English plan is far better than ours.

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Dr. Shields on "False Temperance Agitation"

[From a number of letters protesting against Dr. Shields's article in The Outlook for October 8, on "False Temperance Agitation," we select a few of the more forcible, because more temperate in expression, for publication. Our only comment is that the first of these letters expresses substantially the position of The Outlook, which is that the questions whether absolute non-use of wines and beers is a better example to set than a self-controlled use, and whether prohibition is a better legal specific for the evils of the liquor traffic than local option, limited license, the Gothenburg system, or some other plan, are questions which every man has a right to decide for himself without being accused of being bigoted on the one hand or a supporter of the liquor traffic on the other. It is not probable that any member of the editorial staff of The Outlook would have signed the application for the license of the Princeton Inn, but we do insist that Professor Shields had a right to sign it without being denounced as a supporter of drunkenness at Princeton for so doing.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

The article in your last issue by Professor Shields revives some unpleasant memories of the outrageous attacks of the "Voice" and others upon individuals and institutions. The incoming classes at Yale and Princeton indicate, perhaps, what is thought of such attacks. Certainly no one can regret the severest condemnation of the methods of these intemperate temperance advocates. The object of this note is, however, to ask you what you wish your influence to be on the subject of total abstinence?

It does not seem to me that it is necessary to show a thing to be sinful in order to show that it is best to avoid it, and to give good reasons for avoiding it. I cannot but think that at Princeton and elsewhere the signing by a Professor and clergyman of an application for licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors was a mistake. I think most parents would agree with me, and, at the same time, condemn the kind of criticism the act has received. G. H. H.

Middletown, Conn.

II.

In his article in The Outlook for October 8, Dr. Shields, of Princeton, appears—not strangely, perhaps—to have no acquaintance with any form of prohibitionism which is not narrow, illogical, and intolerant toward the good as well as the evil. May one who sympathizes with him under an uncharitable persecution, and feels the truth of much that he writes, indicate the ground upon which the suppression of the liquor traffic—not necessarily State prohibition—is sought by men who reject the false ethic of which he speaks, the ethic that "virtue can be secured without temptation," men made sober by act of legislature, etc.? It is the ground of moral sanitation.

Every State has the right and the duty to protect itself against evils, and evils moral as well as physical—or our public-school taxation is a flagrant wrong. Now, liquor-selling stands to-day convicted as the enemy of the State. This has not come about through any religious doctrine. The time is short since church and alcohol were boon companions. It has not sprung out of sentiment. The sentiment has followed upon the facts. The liquor traffic bears its odium to-day solely because of its deeds—the fruits, from which Jesus taught us to judge. Not all the evidence is in; not all the percentages are determined; not all the statements of prohibitionists are true; but a judicial mind will hardly dispute the general statement that in this country strong drink is the chief source of crimes of violence, penury, insanity, and family wretchedness. Against such a plague the State should quarantine itself and its citizens—not decree that men must take care of their health and their morals, and be righteous whether or no; but decree that they shall not make a business of undermining the health and morals of their neighbors. The distinction is sufficiently evident.

But, Dr. Shields says, such a course finds no definite support in the Bible. I freely grant it. Does it matter greatly? At this late day, must we have proof-texts for a humanitarian course? Will the awakening Christian conscience of our time submit to a drinker's Bible, any more than to the slavery Bible of half a century ago, or the polygamy Bible—very fairly made out—of Utah to-day?

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Over against loyalty to the Bible in form and custom we put loyalty to its spirit, the spirit of intolerance of evil and of enthusiasm for man; and also the broad fact of changed conditions—radically changed. Some of these are·

1. That spirituous liquors are the invention of modern times. For more than a thousand years after Christ, wine could lead to little in the way of beverage that was worse than itself. Now it leads easily to whisky, gin, and so on—a sinister list, with infernal potencies.

2. Then, we live in a very different climate from that of the Biblical writers. It is in northern, not southern, climes that alcohol reveals its full deadly power of finding and poisoning the springs of the physical nature. It is among the peoples of the North chiefly that the atavistic animal in man feels and responds to alcohol's reviving touch. Studies in heredity are now teaching us that where this reviving touch fails in the first generation, it often succeeds in the second.

3. The nature of our civilization is very different from what that of Palestine ever was. It is intense, stimulating to the nervous system and often wearing upon it, and sharply disappointing to large classes of our population. As a consequence, both the power of alcohol over the physical system and the temptation to indulgence in it are greatly increased.

These are changed conditions, which, in our land, and for the average man, we believe, turn the use of intoxicating liquors into dalliance with an evil which has power, be it swift or slow, to enthrall nerve and body cell, and laugh at morals and efforts at reform, high resolve, tears, and prayers. In our day and clime alcohol ranks with opium. Virtue consists, not in the effort to use it with moderation and refinement, but in resisting the temptation to use it at all.

W. F. C.

Littleton, N. H.

III.

Certain statements of alleged fact in Dr. Shields's article challenge attention. It is really astounding to find it asserted that "Prohibitionism" proceeds upon this ground: "that virtue can be secured without temptation; that natural appetites must be extirpated rather than controlled; that the abuse of a good thing requires its disuse; that the grace of temperance can be produced by legal coercion; that men can be made sober by the Legislature, and an abstinence millennium be brought about by Act of Congress." It is safe to assert that no movement in history has ever been more thoroughly un-characterized. Despite reiterated denials from those who have supported that movement, the same old charges are here trumped up, and in most aggravated form. The ground of procedure in the Prohibition movement is simply this: *opposition to legalizing* the rum traffic. The object of attack is not a specific appetite of the human body, but the *saloon*, as a cancerous excrescence on the body politic. It is *not* supposed that "the grace of temperance can be produced by legal coercion," but it *is* asserted that that grace has far better opportunity for cultivation when the saloon-keeper has been legally coerced out of existence—or coerced out of legal existence, as you please. It is nowhere assumed that "men can be made sober by the Legislature," but it is claimed that men ought not to be incited to drunkenness by legislation. Nobody believes that an "abstinence millennium" can be "brought about by Act of Congress," but many people believe that innumerable strongholds of sin could be destroyed in that way. No sensible person thinks that a "natural" appetite should be "extirpated" when "natural" means essential to nature; but Dr. Shields has an immense task on hand if he proposes to defend the taste for intoxicating drink as an appetite essential to human nature!

This from one who is not and never has been a "party" Prohibitionist. But he believes that Prohibitionists have an inherent right to expect fair treatment in the statement of their purposes.

U. S. B.

Crafton, Pa.

IV.

This revival of the old Princeton Inn question brings us back again to the important issue, Can inns, hotels, or saloons prove anything but a curse to educational institutions when located in their neighborhood? Within a period of ten years *all* the saloons have been forced out of the sight of the University of Pennsylvania, and to a distance not within easy access of the campus. As a result, the moral tone, the deportment, and the class standings of this institution are noticeably improved. And no one will venture to affirm that the students who have no visible temptation from "hell's half-acre" during their student hours are the weaker, or that their liberty has been lessened or

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hampered. Ask a professor or a student if he desires the inn or saloon returned to the corner of Walnut and Thirty-fourth Streets? Ask the graduates of the class of '88, University of Pennsylvania Medical Department, if they see an improved condition in students and institutions justifying the stamping out of all neighborhood liquor-shops and their associate influences.

Never in the history of public inns or saloons has the resulting good been equal to the resulting evil, and never can there be a question from a moral or religious standpoint as to whether an "inn" should be established or permitted to exist on or near the property of an educational or religious institution. (Dr.) S. P. C.

Audenried, Pa.

V.

Will you permit one of your subscribers, who is at the same time a college man and not a reformer by natural disposition or profession, to record his protest against your editorial commendation of the article by the Rev. Professor Charles W. Shields, in your issue of this date? That Dr. Shields should write such an article is not strange, though one would judge from its heated tone that it had been written much nearer the time of the Princeton agitation than the present; but that it should find favor with a paper so righteously influential as The Outlook is matter for comment.

Dr. Shields attempts to discriminate between calm and conscientious advocates of temperance, on the one hand, and extremists and sensational agitators on the other; but in reality he wholly fails to do so. One may neither believe that Christ made unfermented wine at Cana, nor that every one who does not sign the total abstinence pledge and vote the Prohibition ticket is a reprobate, nor that our American universities are becoming seats of drunkenness and debauchery—one may believe none of these things, I say, and yet hold that to promote the sale of intoxicating drinks at a college resort in a college town is practically an immoral act. This belief was the cause of the uprising on the matter of the Princeton Inn—an uprising which, like any ebullition of the reform spirit, showed itself in certain grotesque and reprehensible forms. American Christians, generally speaking, are not greatly given to emotional agitations nor to theological subtleties, but they are sensitive on the ethical side; and some of us were really gratified to see the Presbyterian Church deeply moved by a question of morals in place of one of doctrinal heresy. How refreshing, too, to find Princeton for once on the defensive!

We are all concerned in these days about the environing influences exerted upon young men at just the time when they are placed in the new and tremendously responsible position of college life. Many of us, as we have opportunity, try to make the environment as good as we can. Harvard University exerts its utmost influence in behalf of what Dr. Shields calls the "impracticable views" and the "false ethic" of the advocates of no-license, and succeeds in making them dominant in a city of more than sixty thousand inhabitants. Most of the other great colleges, Christian and secular alike, do the same thing in a small way for the immediate territory under their control. Can lookers-on be blamed for wondering that in the borough of Princeton the best that can be done is to have licensed liquor-selling "controlled by Christian men"?

The present writer has been a resident of three different universities, as student or teacher, during the past eight years. He may, then, perhaps represent some who have held aloof from both violent denunciation and violent defense, but who have been not displeased at the awakened ethical interest in the environments of our college men. These young men, the flower and hope of our country, stand among slippery places at best. It is good to know that those who oppose efforts to remove some of the temptations are "discreet," "church members in good standing," "active in works of charity and religion"—who should know better than one of themselves?—but this is not the whole story. Let us—we will agree to that—"not judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

R. M. A.

University of Pennsylvania.

VI.

The question before us is not a question of Jewish customs nineteen centuries ago. We may well suppose that Christ did not wear heavy woolen garments in Judea in November, from the fact that he did not need them. But if we of a colder climate need such garments and have them, we are extremely foolish not to put them on. If Christ used wine and sanctioned its use by others, we who believe in his perfection know that he had good reason for so doing, that

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he saw that wine was in some way needed by himself and by others. Each individual at the present time ought to decide for himself whether or not he needs to use intoxicating drinks; or, if he has not the ability to decide the question for himself, he ought to call in an expert to decide it for him. And when the question of need has been decided, he must, as a child of wisdom, decide either to use or to abstain as his case may require. Conduct of a purely individual bearing must be decided by the individual, and no other individual has the right to intrude. Conduct of a national bearing must be decided by the nation. As a people we need to call in experts to decide for us whether or not we need to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage; to decide for us which, on the whole, will help us more in our progress toward the ideal state, the continued use or the disuse. And then, as a Christian nation, we are bound either to use or to abstain as our case may require. E. E. H.

Lakeville, N. Y.

VII.

The agitation which has called forth a defense from the pen of the Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., will no doubt prove of use and benefit in at least defining with some clearness the relative positions assumed by the two wings of moral reformers, both of whom claim to have at heart the highest good of this race living under nineteenth-century pressure and under congested conditions which warrant the best methods and the largest charity.

From the writer's view of the subject and situation a wise course would seem to demand a careful consideration based upon the practical experience of to-day rather than an effort to bolster up our theories by reference to Holy Writ, quotations from St. Paul, or argument along the line of an application of Galilean history or tradition to this busy, throbbing, hurrying world of 1898, which must grasp its problems quickly and settle them not only for ourselves but for the oncoming, rushing tide of humanity who will appear on the scene when we "sleep with our fathers." One principle must at the outset be taken into earnest consideration—viz., a thorough understanding of the words "moderate use of wine and beer," because if it can be shown that the drunkard who is an object of pity and sympathy was at one time moderate and wise in his use of liquor, then there is at least a danger, for possibly an abnormal condition of mind or body may produce intoxication at one period when ordinarily the stimulant used would produce only a mild and gentle exhilaration. Is it not a fact that in the beginnings of indulgence almost all drinkers have the wisdom, self-respect, and pride which enables them to abstain or use at their pleasure?

In my observation this would seem conclusively proven. Where shall the line be drawn? and if there is no limit fixed, then shall the fact be faced that any moderate drinker may become an inebriate? If this be true, the responsibility resting upon the advocate and teacher of moderation along this line must certainly be very great.

Dr. Shields admits that many persons, especially the young, do well to abstain from alcoholic drinks for various prudential reasons, and that certain liquors (not mentioned) as now vended are deleterious and promote drunkenness. Would it be fair to ask why prudential reasons exist if the moderate use is to be commended, or why an article which promotes drunkenness is to be made the subject of sanitary investigation instead of destruction of the poison?—for it is a well-known fact that the integrity of the liquor compounder, mixer, or manipulator is always open to question.

Again, if, as stated, "natural appetites must be controlled rather than extirpated," it would be well first to inquire how the individual came to possess a *natural* appetite. Would the worthy gentleman consider it wise to feed an appetite possibly derived from an ancestor, or would the logical conclusion be: extirpate the drink and prevent the effect? May there not be among the collegiates who recreate at Princeton Inn some who can learn the power of the slumbering demand only when it is furnished by a moderate glass or two? It is quite apparent that one great fact has been somewhat obscured in the various articles published. From the standpoint of a religious teacher endowed with spiritual vision and a keen perception of divine truth assisted by scholarly attainment, it would possibly appear strange that the world at large could not exercise control and dominion over the lower and grosser nature, at least to the extent that in the use of stimulants wisdom should retain her seat, and the faculties be kept unimpaired. But the masses of men are not spiritual, but animal, and in the treatment of an abuse so stupendous as drink, the man who has been trained, disciplined, and evolved out of

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lower racial conditions cannot speak clearly or truly, for he knows but little of the temptation surrounding ignorance or that arising from the lack of good food, poor environment, and general depression. So you are dealing largely with savage or brutal natures; and, as such, but one course seems reasonable. Would any logical thinker advocate a moderate use of liquor by an American Indian? or does the law step in and say that he shall not have it, even moderately, because abuse must follow? We note that Dr. Shields maintains that good law would not repress along this line. How far removed spiritually and mentally from the Indian are the peasantry of Europe, the negro in the South, or the occupants of the congested tenement districts of large cities? Do not the love of war and bloodshed, the curse of drink and poverty, all point clearly to a bestial condition, and are we not evolving very slowly into a spiritualized state? When the golden age reaches the world, and men have learned to love soberness and justice, then may be ushered in the day when a strong humanity can safely indulge in moderation untrammeled by the nearness of hereditary transmission, and far removed from an ancestor whose delight was in the pleasure of gluttony, drink, and war upon the weaker neighbors.

The influence of every man rests somewhere and counts for something. Upon one side in the great fight for the preservation of the coming generation stand the men whose hand is on the throat of every lover of truth, virtue, liberty, and righteousness. On the other side stand those who are deeply solicitous for the integrity of young men who seek through the college a larger grasp of the treasures that may be found by patient mental toil. The mothers, the sisters, those who love purity, are against the saloon, whether it be in Princeton Inn, the clubhouse, in the glitter of the main street, or the basement of some dark street or alley. The fact that twelve reputable men were found who petitioned for license is of no more importance than that numbers of reputable citizens were advocates of slavery and supported the same with pen and sword, among them being clergymen of honor and renown.

History has stamped slavery with a red seal that holds and will endure. The other abuse lives, and will live so long as there is an advocacy so strong from the side that represents the religious and moral sentiment and stays the hand of progress, truth, and mercy. The writer, with some years of experience and an ordinary observer, can affirm, however, that, in his relation with men, one fact is well established. He has never known a moderate drinker. Of the many who claim to be, some have gone down into the valley of humiliation, and some came back no more. It is a dangerous habit, a subtle enemy, a terrible master; and, in the face of what is known, count me only as opposed in every fiber to its use anywhere.

H. B. W.

Milwaukee, Wis.

VIII.

In your issue for October 8, Dr. Shields says: "Nor can his generous words, 'It is good neither to eat meat, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak,' be appropriated by the total abstainers of our day." Why can't they? As a total abstainer I did appropriate them years ago, deeming it not a good thing to drink wine nor anything whereby my brother should stumble. For the same reason I stopped smoking. Is not mine the Christian's true position? X. Y. Z.

Plainfield, N. J.

Correspondence

Psychical Research

To the Editors of The Outlook:

No more important work is being done in the investigation of psychological problems than by the Society for Psychical Research, in its explorations of what Andrew Lang has called "the X region of our nature," from which visions, prophecy, and miracle proceed. To its achievements honorable tribute has recently been paid in the presidential address of Professor Sir William Crookes before the British Association, as reported in the New York "Sun," September 19. Professor James, of Harvard, President of the Society two years ago, has compared its work to that of a meteorological bureau, from whose tabulation and study of a wide range of phenomena may at length be reached those general laws which even vagrant and abnormal phenomena obey. For

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this purpose some of the most eminent scientific men in America and Europe are united in the membership of this Society, whose headquarters are in London. Professor Hyslop, of Columbia, in a remarkable paper on "Psychical Research and Immortality," in the "Independent," September 29, testifies to the weightiness of the facts exhibited in the Society's published "Proceedings," February, 1898, in proof of existence after death. The American branch of the Society is at present in need of funds to prosecute the special researches conducted heretofore under the supervision of its vigorous Secretary, Richard Hodgson, LL.D., whose work has recently been suspended for lack of adequate resources. Subscriptions amounting to nearly $2,000 have been promised by a few individuals, largely through the efforts of Professor Hyslop, of Columbia, Drs. R. Heber Newton, Minot J. Savage, and others. If any who are interested in the scientific investigation of occult psychical problems are disposed to send a contribution or even an inquiry to the American office of the Society, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, any such evidence of interest will be cordially welcomed.

ASSOCIATE.

Who Shall Do the Work?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The people of the United States have practically decided that the Nicaragua Canal shall be built at once, and that it shall be owned by the Nation. This is one of the good results of the war for the liberation of the Cubans. There is, however, another important matter that has not been decided, nor even discussed to any extent; to wit, Who shall build it, contractors or the Government?

It seems clear to me that the work should be done by the Government itself, under the direction of army engineers. Their competency will not be questioned, and more honest men cannot be found. Under their superintendence the work will certainly be well done, and I feel sure that the cost to the Government would be much less than it would be under the contract system.

Under the contract system it can be assumed as certain that the Government will be swindled right and left in both the quality of the material used and the character of the work done—and there would be literally nothing gained.

Nearly all governmental corruption is in connection with the granting of special privileges or franchises, and the letting and filling of contracts. Let this work be put through with no contracts except for machinery and material, the entire working force being employed by the Government under Civil Service rules, and corruption would certainly be reduced to a minimum.

Will it not be well to give this plan a thorough trial? Every boodler in the land will instinctively oppose it, and also the bosses; but I believe that the great mass of the people would, if allowed an opportunity, cast their vote for it.

ALBERT GRIFFIN.

Girard, Kan.

An Evasion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A paragraph has lately been going the rounds of the newspapers stating that "the San Francisco restaurant-keepers serve wine to their patrons in pitchers, and thus get around the stamp which the revenue laws require to be affixed to every bottle."

This action may be applauded by ninety-nine out of the hundred "men on the street" as "smart," but it is, nevertheless, not only a dishonest but an unpatriotic trick.

Apparently, no sooner is a law made than men set to work to find means of evading it, instead of loyally abiding by it and carrying out its provisions. Witness, for example, what was done in New York as soon as the Raines Law was put into operation; and, now, no sooner is a tax imposed to help to pay the cost of a war undertaken with the profession of the highest and noblest of motives—a war in the cause of suffering humanity, for the relief of an unfortunate, misgoverned, and downtrodden people—than it is meanly evaded in the manner described.

It is of little use to teach the youth in our schools lessons of high honor and morality, and obedience to law and order, so long as these things take place, not only without indignant protest, but rather encouraged and applauded as evidences of that "smartness" which is too often, in our commercial vocabulary, but another word for dishonesty.

If our newspapers would never print a fact such as that quoted above without marking their condemnation of the act and the spirit which prompts it, much might be done to foster a public opinion that would render them impossible.

CHARLES WELSH.

Boston, Mass.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Because I have seen in The Outlook and other papers frequent mention of Anglo-Saxons, etc., I wish to learn who, strictly speaking, are Anglo-Saxons. Is ours an Anglo-Saxon nation? It seems to me that the term is so often loosely employed that the exact facts should be more generally known. 2. Why are the inhabitants of certain countries called the Latin races?

A. S.

Comparatively a small part of those who are termed Anglo-Saxons are such by lineage, and the same is true of the Latin peoples. Many different strains of blood have been mingled in each of the composite products which are designated by these names. It is not on genealogical grounds, but on political, historical, linguistic, that these designations are given. It is a type of civilization which is designated in each case, rather than a lineage—a type whose distinguishing characteristics in language and institutions are to be referred to a molding by Anglo-Saxon influences on one hand, and Latin, *i.e.*, Roman, on the other. Accordingly the ground of the distinction is more of an ethical sort than a physical.

In Luke xi., 1–13, our Lord gives a sample of necessaries in true prayer, followed by an illustration. It is the illustration that, on careful study, somewhat surprised me. Will you kindly give in succinct form your view of the illustration, Luke xi., 5–8, specially the word "importunity," which should be "shamelessness"? Why the use of "importunity," and not the literal word?

T. B.

Because in importunity is the fact from which the lesson of the parable is drawn. It implies what is suggested but not stated—that the request was repeatedly urged. The propriety of so translating the Greek word for "shamelessness" is in the fact that in the importunity born of need the applicant was not ashamed to overstep ordinary proprieties. The Greek term would be so qualified in such a connection. The illustration points the lesson that if importunate requests prevail even over selfish men, much more will earnestness in prayer avail under the divine grace.

We have been studying in our prayer-meetings some of the great aids to devotion, and have already had "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Imitation." Will you kindly suggest half a dozen books which would be suitable for such study? Are there not some later books which might profitably be included?

G. G. A.

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," "Theologia Germanica," Vaughn's "Hours with the Mystics," "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion," Charles Kingsley's "Life."

"H. W. M." asks for a copy of the old song, "Uncle Sam's Farm." I inclose the words which I found in an old glee book. Russell & Richardson were the proprietors of the copyright.

M. T.

We shall be pleased to forward the poem to "H. W. M." if he will send address.

Please inform me (1) who publishes Dr. Gladden's "Who Wrote the Bible?" and (2) Dr. Josiah Strong's little book on "Good Citizenship."

A.

1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2. You probably refer to his "Twentieth Century City;" by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

In correcting a recent reference to the publishers and price of Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," we are desired to say that Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (New York) supply it in two volumes for $2, and in an abridged edition for $1.

"H. W. M." will find the "Calendar Lessons for the Christian Year" in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Having visited a mining camp and found it supplied with magazines and illustrated papers, I was informed that "they were sent by a church in New York City." Being now in a lumber camp where such supplies are greatly needed, I would like to know the address of that benevolent church, and to be informed how such supplies are transmitted and at whose expense.

E. E.

May I correct what seems to me to be an error in the answer to one of the questions printed in the last issue of The Outlook, in regard to Raphael's "Hours"? The series of pictures referred to are undoubtedly those having for their subjects twelve beautiful female figures representing the hours of the day and night, painted in the style of Pompeian wall frescos. These have long since disappeared, and our only acquaintance with them is through the copper-plate engravings made of them by various hands in 1802. Originally they were probably painted on the ceiling of the Sala Borgia, an apartment of the Vatican, by one of Raphael's assistants, from the master's studies.

F. L. T.

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For the Little People

The Little Clouds Go Sailing Past

By F. E. Snow

And where do you think they're going?
Out over the tide they swiftly glide
While gentle winds are blowing.
Out over the deep while baby's asleep,
They float so softly by,
With never an oar and never a sail,
Like fairy boats up in the sky.

Taps

By Charles Frederick Holder

Taps was only a dog, but he held the important office of mascot to one of the artillery batteries that rendezvoused in the South during the recent war. He originally belonged to the colonel of the regiment, but when he left to take command of a volunteer corps he presented the dog—a fine setter—to the men of his battery, all of whom had a strong affection for him. Taps was well disciplined. He attended all the drills, was generally to be seen in line a few yards away at guard mount, and at dress parade he often stood directly behind the commanding officer, and when the long line of officers marched up, halted, and saluted, he would wag his tail—the only salute he could give, calmly accepting the courtesy with the colonel.

At night he accompanied the bugler who sounded taps, and then visited the various sentries on the grand rounds, making his headquarters with the officer of the guard; and his name, Taps, was given him for this persistence, and for the reason that he was always out after taps. In the Western country, in another department, he had once aroused, by his whining, the suspicions of the sentry that something was wrong. The guard could see nothing, but Taps was insistent, doing everything to induce him to go forward, whining and barking in a very low, growling tone. The sentry finally called for the corporal of the guard, and it was discovered that an uprising of the Indians was in progress, and that a few were concealed in the neighboring bush, prepared, it was believed, to steal upon the guard late at night. For this and many reasons, Taps was beloved by every trooper, and, in the terse language of the men, "nothing was too good for him."

Finally, orders came for the regiment to move from the camp and go to the coast. The word had been given to the engineer, the guns and caissons were piled on flat cars, and the long train was just moving out, when some one pulled the bell-rope and the train came to a standstill.

"Who pulled that bell-rope?" asked an excited conductor, running up.

"We did," answered several troopers who came out of a car.

"What did you do it for?" continued the man.

"Why, Taps is not aboard."

"Taps; who is Taps?" said the indignant conductor.

"Why, the battery dog."

"Do you mean to say that you stopped the train for a dog? Go ahead!" he shouted to the engineer.

"All right, go ahead," retorted the spokesman of the troopers. "Get off, boys, and let her go; but we don't go until Taps reports," and at that the men went pouring out of the train, gathering about the conductor.

"What's all this about?" asked the captain, coming up, the men separating on either side.

"Why, just this, sir," said the conductor; "we are scheduled to start out at a certain time, and your men have stopped the train for a cur that has been left."

"What, Taps?" said the officer.

"Yes, sir," said a trooper, saluting. "The dog is not aboard, and we couldn't desert him."

"All right, Mallory; only you should have reported to me and I would have requested the conductor to delay."

"Delay a whole train for a dog when the steamer is waiting!" exclaimed the latter.

"She will have to wait for Taps," rejoined the officer, who then gave some instructions to the men, who were soon running over the country in every direction, whistling and calling for Taps. They covered the entire bush in the vicinity, thinking that he might have been injured; visited the camp and the little town; but no Taps could be found, and it was almost night when the last stragglers came in.

The men were standing around the chafing and irate engineer when the captain called

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for the buglers of the several batteries. "Get on the car and sound the tattoo, and then taps," he told them. The men climbed upon the top of the car, raised their bugles, and sounded the notes that have so recently aroused the enthusiasm and patriotism of all Americans. The silvery notes rang out loudly and went echoing among the trees and far away to the hills. Then the men listened. Again the tattoo was sounded; and as the men listened, away off, in the direction of a wood, a sharp but faint bark was heard. Again the bugles sounded, and a great cheer arose. Louder became the barking, more joyous the bugle-blasts, until presently a big dog came tearing across the stretch of open.

It was Taps, and, borne aloft by series of eager arms, he was hustled aboard the train. His tongue was hanging out, his hair clogged with mud, which told the story. He had gone into a distant swamp to have a swim, and had become mired, only making his escape under the influence of the strains he knew so well.

"I suppose the expedition would have been given up if that dog hadn't been found," said the conductor, with a fine sarcasm, to one of the troopers, as he finally swung aboard the moving train.

"I reckon you're right, son," the man replied, on whose knee the big muzzle of Taps was resting; "I reckon you're right."

A School-Boy of Long Ago

Moses, the tiny baby who was found in the bulrushes by his own sister, where his mother had hidden him that he might not be killed by the Egyptians, became, by this cleverly devised plot, the adopted son of a great Egyptian princess. This princess had her own palace and servants, her wise men and priests. Her adopted son had all the advantages of her time. No doubt Moses became a wiser man, a greater man, than he could have become had he grown up among his own people. The Israelites were slaves in the land, and could not educate their children. Living in a royal household, Moses met travelers and learned men from all parts of Egypt, and from other lands. This meeting with great men trained him in manners, as well as educated him.

The Egyptians of that day understood mathematics, for they built houses and tombs that stand to-day. They built roads, so they must have known how to survey. They studied astronomy, anatomy, and history. They understood magic, and must have studied drawing. They believed in a religion most difficult to understand, and the boys were instructed in religion as an important part of their education. They had athletic games, in which wrestling held a very important place. Archery was one of their games, as the pictures on their buildings show. The priesthood was the profession requiring the best education, for the practice of medicine and law was included as part of a priest's duties. To get service in the king's household was the ambition of the Egyptian boys to whom the army service did not appeal. The magicians had great power, and the study of magic was attractive to some boys.

The adopted son of a princess would have opportunity to undertake any study that appealed to him. The greatness of Moses's service, his wisdom and courage, are proofs that he used his opportunities, and used them to serve God and his people.

Brave Men

Buildings are erected now very much higher than they used to be, because steel has come into use in the erection of buildings. All very high buildings are built as nearly fireproof as possible, but wood is still used, and fires break out high above the point where water can be thrown from the street. When a tall building is constructed, a pipe is built in (sometimes more than one) that has a projection on every floor, to which a hose can be attached. On the roof is a tank which is kept full of water by the aid of an engine in the cellar of the building. When a fire breaks out, the hose is attached to the nozzle on the floor where the fire is.

Fire-engines are built now that can throw water almost three hundred feet in the air, at the rate of fifteen hundred gallons a minute. Firemen are very brave. They will go into a burning building and fight the fire until the stairs are burned away, or the flames from the windows prevent their coming down the ladders. A gun has been invented that will carry a line to a fireman on a tall building, just as it carries a line from the shore to a sinking ship.

Water-towers are made to carry hose to a very great height, and they now have movable platforms which enable the firemen to fight the fire from these platforms at any floor as well as from the top of the tower.

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The Home Club

Removing Stains

By Jennie Comstock

The many accidents possible to the fabrics used in housekeeping make necessary a knowledge of elementary chemistry, if damage is to be repaired at once. Without this knowledge, the amount of loss from these accidents forms, in the course of the year, quite an item in the household accounts. The following directions for the removal of stains bear about the same relation to household chemistry as the most elementary lessons in First Aid to the Injured bear to trained nursing. All acids and strong alkalies tend to eat the fiber, so that much skill is required in using them. They must be used quickly and accurately to avoid bad results.

CHARACTER OF STAIN	REAGENTS	METHOD OF REMOVING
Coffee, tea, chocolate.	Hot water (boiling).	Place bowl on table, spread stained part over it, pour boiling water on it from a height so as to strike the stain with force.
Fruit.	Boiling water.	Spread stained portion over bowl; pour boiling water on from a height, perhaps, of eighteen inches to two feet.
Ink.	1. Milk. 2. Salts lemon. 3. Javelle water. 4. If moist, salt, meal, flour, sugar, then wash in cold water.	If stain is fresh, place stained portion in milk and allow to stand. If the milk becomes too much discolored, drain milk off and put on more. If stain is dry, and will not come out as above, use salts of lemon or Javelle water; pour on, allow to stand a few minutes, and wash thoroughly.
Mildew.	Lemon and sunshine.	Rub lemon on and set in direct sunlight.
Iron rust.	Salts lemon. Javelle water.	Rub with salts of lemon or Javelle water and wash thoroughly.
Grass.	Alcohol.	Soak stained portion in alcohol; rub.
Paint.	Vaseline and benzine.	Rub with same material if wet; if dry, soak and soften with vaseline; rub with benzine.
Perspiration.	Soap solution and sunshine.	Place in sunshine in soap solution. It is difficult to remove entirely, and requires patience.
Machine oil.	Cold water.	Rub from outside toward the center, using great care not to spread.
Wax.	Absorbent paper and hot iron.	Place goods on absorbent paper and press it with a hot iron.
Blood.	Soap and warm water. Cold raw starch.	Wash in soap and *warm* water, not hot. Rub on wet and allow to dry.
Scorch.	Sun.	Expose to sun for a few hours.
Wine.	Salt and boiling water.	Treat the same as fruit stains.
Wagon grease. Brass.	Lard.	Rub on stain, then wash.

Disinfecting. Sometimes it is necessary to disinfect clothing before laundrying. Extra precautions must be taken in case of laundry work, as serious consequences might result from carelessness. An ordinary and simple method of disinfecting is to plunge the clothes into boiling water and boil for half an hour. After this process most germs, if any were present, would be killed. Anthrax germs would have to be boiled a second time. For common use, where a solution is required, Hg Cl_2 tablets come already prepared. These simply need to be dissolved in water to make a solution of the required strength, *i. e.*, 1 part to 2,000 parts.

Handkerchiefs which have been used for colds should be soaked in a disinfectant and washed separately before putting in with the rest of the clothing for boiling. A good disinfectant solution is salt water.

Home Lessons from the War

If the present investigation as to the causes of illness in the United States army during the recent campaign in Cuba and in the home camps results in no other good, it will reveal to the housekeepers of this country

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the connection between cleanliness and health. It is startling to have one witness after another testify that the prevalence of typhoid fever was due almost wholly to the neglect of the simplest sanitary laws. Probably never before was it made so clear that flies were the transmitters of disease. The second lesson that this investigation will teach is the necessity of training the people of this country in sanitary laws. It has been stated that in nothing was the difference between the regular and the volunteer regiments seen so clearly as in the condition of their camps; that when a regular regiment broke camp and left, except for the tramped condition of the ground it left no evidence of its presence, while the camps of the volunteers were strewn with refuse, littered with papers and débris of all descriptions. In the matter of food, it is claimed that the failure of the convalescent volunteers to obey orders in regard to eating was one of the prolific sources of relapses. The regular had been trained to know how to care for himself. There has been a vast advance in this country in the knowledge of sanitary laws and hygiene in the past few years, but there are great numbers of people totally ignorant of these laws to-day, and indifferent to their operations; people too dull of comprehension to see the evil effects of their ignorance or their indifference. The women's clubs of the country have done much through their departments of domestic science, but much more is to be done.

No confusion should exist in the minds of women as to what domestic science is. It is not merely learning how to cook; it means the possession of a knowledge of chemistry which will enable the housekeeper to apply it to detect possible disease; to detect adulterations of food. It means a knowledge of the surface and drainage conditions under which the house is built; it means knowing the difference between perfect and imperfect plumbing; it means being able to purchase food that will nourish the family, not simply stop the cravings of hunger.

A college woman, not long ago, called attention to her boy's teeth, which were entirely without enamel, and said, with a bitter little laugh, "I wish my education had enabled me to discover, during the time my boy was producing his teeth, both first and second, just how to feed him. There is no enamel on his teeth because his mother did not know enough to feed him properly; and the dentist tells me that at twenty-five he will not have a tooth in his head." Fortunately, college women have turned their attention to those departments of science which have enabled them to do much to reduce the preventable miseries of improper feeding and unsanitary conditions. Books written by college women have appeared which discuss this whole problem of feeding and caring for children, of building a house, furnishing it, and caring for it.

The Kitchen and Bedroom

To differ with a recognized authority in the housekeeping arts is to place one's self in an unfortunate position. A book has been printed recently that will be found helpful and suggestive to even the most efficient housekeepers, a book that will be an invaluable guide to the inexperienced housekeeper. The furnishing of the kitchen is given the attention it should receive, but some housekeepers would differ from this authority in the choice of materials. For instance, the author advises the use of labeled tin receptacles for the store-closet. Any housekeeper who has used glass jars, which show at a glance the amount of the contents, would never use anything else. No housekeeper who has covered her kitchen tables with zinc would consider leaving her kitchen table in the wood, nor covering with white oilcloth. The zinc table can be covered with a tablecloth when not in use. No housekeeper who has used a marble-slab table for pastry would for a moment think of using a board, any more than a wooden rolling-pin if she had ever used porcelain or glass. Most of us have kitchens that are too large, and, for that reason, cause too many steps. The perfect kitchen will be lined with closets with glass doors, having plenty of drawers, supplied with sliding shelves below the glass doors. The cupboards will have room for hanging all cooking utensils but the heaviest. The center of the kitchen will be occupied by a closet no higher than a table, and with an available top that will have conveniences for holding about twenty-four pounds of flour, all the smaller articles used in making pastry, spice-box, towel-drawer, and one for knives, forks, and spoons. We shall in the perfect house treat our bedrooms as bedrooms and not sitting-rooms. They will not have pictures, nor draperies, except to secure privacy. Parlors are fast disappearing, and the living-room is coming to be the center of decoration and care.

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